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MADEMOISELLE DOLORES.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

DELE, you may go to de shed for one fool!" cried Madame Weitzel, in a fury.

"Why did you bring me dis coffee so hot as to burn my skin off of my mouth? I shall not swallow for one week. You are one careless fool. You deserves to be beat. I could pull de hairs of your head. Come here and take dis cup!"

Adele hesitated, and on receiving another peremptory summons, approached her mistress in a wary, stilling manner. For Madame Weitzel had a heavy way of dealing out a hot cup of coffee with her strong, jewelled fingers. Once Once bestowed was now laid over her burnt mouth, and the other held the cup of hot coffee. Adele thought she might venture.

But she reckoned without her hostess. Just as she had got the cup of scalding coffee into her hand, and was partially helpless, having to mind her eye, madame brought her up all standing by giving her a magnificent, whanging blow across her mouth.

"Take dat!" she cried. "You have to scald me in de throat! You jealot! you beggage-negual you—you fool of de world!"

It was a peculiarity of Madame Weitzel, that her anger increased fast, and the more she raved the more she might rave. Adele was crying and screaming, partly with the blow, and partly with the hot coffee, which she was spilling over her hands, as she held it out, as a shield between herself and her mistress; and madame was still more enraged to find that she could not reach her foe without receiving another scald. There is no knowing how the engagement might have ended, had not the door suddenly opened, and a gentleman presented himself on the threshold. Madame immediately stopped her violent threats in the direction of Adele, and put her hand over her mouth, assuming a suffering look.

"O Monsieur Chester!" she cried, pitifully, "my mouth is all skinned, from top to bottom, with hot coffee brug me by dat Adelel I cannot speak a word."

"So I perceive," said the gentleman, coolly, coming into the room as Adele shrank out.

"But who is dis?" inquired madame, looking at a slim young girl who followed her visitor.

"A pupil for you," replied the gentleman, drawing the girl forward, and looking at madame in a halfcowing, half commanding way.

"A pupil! O yahas!" cried the lady, seating herself on a sofa, and half-turning her head away, with an expression of disdain. "I can take no more. I have refuse six dis week. A pupil!" speaking with lordlike scorn.

A fiery red flamed all over the young girl's face; her brilliant dark eyes flashed through the tears that washed into them, and the mouth curled with it trembled; a singular combination of mortification, anger and scorn in so young a face. For this mere-to-be pupil did not seem to be more than fourteen years of age.

The gentleman was not in the least disconcerted by this rebuff. Instead, he seated himself opposite this lofty lady, laid his shining hat carefully in a chair beside him, threw one glove from a handsome hand, and quietly resumed the subject:

"I dare say that you refuse pupils every day, madame. Of course, you are an excellent teacher, else I should not have come to you; and also, of course, every simpleton wants to learn to sing, though she may have no more voice than an owl. But you have never refused such a pupil as this. And, also, you have never had the honor of accepting such a pupil as this."

At this audacious assertion, madame turned her large person majestically, and deliberately stared at this wonderful pupil, whose advent was supposed to honor her, the finest singing teacher in the city. She saw a slim girl, of about fourteen, as we have said, and a sensitive, fiery, thin face. Agnes Candace had one of those faces which may be called tragical. You never know a child with such a face who did not meet with sorrow in the world. There is a pathetic look in the eyes, yet they can flash; the lips are red and tender, yet they can curl with scorn; the head is high, yet you know that the heart may ache under the pride that raises it. This girl was scarcely beautiful, but was one who might look beautiful at times, and might become a beautiful woman. She now stood, blushing but defiant, under madame's stare, pretending to be looking about the richly-furnished room, but in reality feverishly conscious of her poor, faded dress and old shoes.

"Singer, eh?" was madame's first comment.

"That makes no difference," said the gentleman, rather shortly. "You will be paid your price."

"Does she read music?" was the next question.

"She can sing almost anything at sight," said the gentleman, promptly.

Madame shrugged her shoulders, then rose and went to the semi-closed; then, after turning over the sheets in an ill-tempered way, she turned to the beautiful little German piano, and with a somewhat unbecoming rush, took a piece of music from the rack. Both her visitors saw that smile, and they exchanged a glance. That of the gentleman was encouraging, that of the girl determined.

"Dis is a very beautiful song," said madame, with suddenly recovered suavity. "And if she will read and sing anything at sight, she will not find dis hard. Sing now, my dear."

Madame wabbled to the piano, struck the note on which the song began, then seated herself again, and complacently waited.

The girl stood trembling from head to foot, her cheeks flaming, her eyes rapidly running over the music in her hand.

"Now that's rather hard, madame," Mr. Chester said. "She is not used to singing alone. You might play the accompaniment."

"Me play wit a scale mouth!" cried madame, indignantly.

"Ah, well!" the gentleman replied, pettishly. "Sing, child!"

Agnes began the song in a hoarse and trembling voice, but she sang it correctly.

"She have sing it before!" cried madame, interrupting.

"I have not," the girl said, angrily, speaking for the first time; and, as if encouraged by the sound of her own voice, she began the piece again, and sang it confidently.

It was a bravura, and full of ornament; but every note was rendered correctly, and the time preserved with absolute precision. When the song was over, not so smooth as they might have been, the long flights were a little jerky, and the runs were not always true; but the execution was uncommonly good for so young a singer, and the voice made madame forget all about her anger. It was of extraordinary compass, and silvery sweet.

"Joy!" said madame, when the finished young contralto ended her lay, and raised her eyes in ecstasies triumph. "She is one pure soprano. It is not here in our age to find such a voice. It is so high it never heard. Where did you find dis bird, Monsieur Chester, dat you bring me?"

"She belongs to the choirs of the Trinity Church," Mr. Chester said. "The organist took me in to hear her. He thought it a pity she should not have instruction, but he gives lessons only on the organ. He says he can't stop to cultivate voices."

"A voice is more than an organ," said madame, pettishly, transferring her annoyance immediately, and taking sides with the girl. "I will make a great persons of dis girl, and all the people shall think of Mr. Lerne and his organ shall be dat he plays to accompany me."

In this way began Agnes Candace's musical existence. To use a common saying, Madame Weitzel's luck was once more in her face, though it cannot be denied she had a heavy hand for Adele; and she was really a generous, kind-hearted woman, when she chose.

Let me stop and say a word about her and Mr. Chester. Madame was a German woman, a widow, and the best female music and singing teacher in the city. She was about fifty, was fat, eccentric, and handsome, but enthusiastic. One had only to get her on the subject of music, and she forgot everything else. She lived in a handsome suite of rooms, and had one servant, who waited on her, and prepared her meals. When madame wanted a grand dinner, she accepted an invitation out, or went to a hotel.

Mr. Chester was a person whose position, though large enough socially, is not easy to define. He was wealthy, though not very rich; he was of high position and connections; he was a man of leisure, and, to some extent, a man of pleasure; but was a dissipated man. Indeed, Mr. Chester was considered an irreprovable gentleman, and, morally, he seemed to live in order to cultivate his tastes, and enjoy the cultivation of them. He bought the rarest-he in art and nature. Anything eminently fine he let for the vulgarly rich, but anything rare and exquisite he exerted himself to obtain. He was thirty-four, fine-looking, if not handsome, and a bachelor. He had a large, stately, old-fashioned house, in a highly respectable street, and there he lived, with a staff of servants who had been his mother's, and who had no idea but they belonged to his family, and were to remain so related to him.

Among other fine tastes, Mr. James Chester was fond of music. He always went to hear the best singers, and was acquainted with them; and the most accomplished musical performers were on bowing terms with him, and took particular pains when they saw him in the audience. So it was scarcely surprising that, when Mr. Lerne spoke of a wonderful little singer in his chorus, who only needed cultivation in order to be a star, Mr. Chester first asked to hear her, then made up his mind to advance the money for at least the rudiments of a musical education. After a year with Madame Weitzel she might be considered ready, and then he would see if it was worth while to talk of Europe. Of course, Mr. Chester, though a light-hearted man, was not famous; and it certainly afforded him pleasure to think that he might be the patron of a rare and unrivalled singer, and that the music-loving world would have to thank him for an acquisition which they would not have made but for him.

Agnes Candace was an orphan, the child of poor parents, and at their death unwillingly taken in by an aunt equally poor and cross. She spent her time in helping about the house, going to school in an irregular way, and, on Sundays, singing in church. After a time, Madame Weitzel took entire possession of her. Finding that Agnes was irregular in her lessons, in spite of her scoldings, sometimes one day put on her bonnet, and went down the street to Mr. Lerne's, where the child lived, to make inquiries at headquarters.

"What for does Agnes not come regular to her lessons?" she demanded of a fadie woman, who sucker with a very sour expression of countenance.

"I have something for her to do at home," said the woman, grimly. "She doesn't pay for her self, running about and tooting from morning till night."

"She is getting one musical education for nothing," retorted madame, indignant at the slighting manner in which her lessons were mentioned. "She has reason to be thankful. She will never do anything unless she comes when she is bid. And as to paying for her self, I guess it is not much besides her self she pour child gets. She is as thin as one hatchet."

This remark was met by an urgent invitation for madame to walk out of the house in the very shortest possible space of time, and an intimation that she was nothing but a dirty foreigner. Madame retorted with insulting eagerness, and went out, gathering her skirts about her as if she feared to catch a soil.

The next week Agnes ran away from her aunt, and went to live with madame, that being the only way in which she could get instruction, her aunt having forbidden her to go to the teacher's at all.

"Good-riddance!" said she, when she found out where the child was. "I wont take her back again, if she starves in the street."

"She is a mean, dirty Jade!" said madame, in her most polite manner. "I am glad de child is away from her. Prhaps I adopt her, and give her a name. I will give her de name of my poor sister dat died. Again, you are no longer to be called by dat name. Your name is to be D'Orres. Do you hear?"

"Yes'm," said the girl, somewhat dazed by her situation, and not knowing whether to be triumphant or frightened.

"Dolores Weitzel," repeated madame, rolling the whole name. "Now will call me madame, just de same, but you are my niece."

"Yes'm," said the girl, again, prepared not to be surprised at anything, but on the whole very well pleased with this exchange of aunts.

"Now I will tell you what is to be done," madame said, seating herself complacently. "We shall have everything sorted, so you need not to ask any questions. You will sit here all de time with me, and never go out except when I send you to school; den you will come straight to me again. You will keep your own clothes in order, and sew for me when I bid you. You will listen when I teach de pupils, and mind what I say. I will have a sofa-bed for you in my room, and you may eat with me when I am in. When I go out you may eat with Adele. I will get you something to wear. Adele can cut over some of my dresses for you. You like dat?"

"Yes," answered Agnes, joyfully.

To have something decent to wear, to live in that beautiful room, to go to school, and to hear and sing music—that was enchantment for the girl.

Madame was really kind and generous to her. She took pride in her, and had visions of one day being the guardian of a great singer, whose fame should earn a large one for her. She took her from the church, and secluded her as much as possible, that she might learn more the world with the more startling spirit-ler. She fed her choicely, nourishing her frail strength, and made her take exercise, and do everything to improve her good looks. Very few heard Dolores sing; but those who did were enchanted, and prophesied great things for her.

Dolores was happy. She lived a bright and easy life, and drank in music as she breathed in air. All the musical people visited madame, and the girl met them all, criticised or studied their style, and laid up ideas and information for future use.

Mr. Chester kept an eye on her, half jealous of madame's appropriation, determined not to lose his share. He had no reason to fear, for Dolores adored him, and, much as she learned to love madame, won't at any time have turned from her to him. She regarded him with a sort of awe. Whenever she saw him coming, she ran to open the door for him, and stood smiling and blushing, awaiting his greeting joyfully.

"You are glad to see me?" he asked, one day, when she met him.

"O yes," said Dolores, promptly.

"You wont forget me for madame?" he said, smiling, as he took a seat, and watched madame's return; for she was out, and Dolores sat on.

Dolores looked at him with a beaming smile, but said nothing.

"When I come here she is always in, and she talks and plays, and there is no chance to say a word to

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you," he pursued, with a smiling affectation of jealousy, thinking that really the girl was growing handsome, and quite a young lady. "Come into a corner and sit sowing, and never look at me, nor seem to know I am here."

"I am thinking of you all the time," said Dolores, with artless earnestness. "I don't know what to say, but I listen."

The gentleman looked at her with delight, as she turned to seat herself, not aware that she had said anything very uncommon. He found it delightful to have this rare young creature adoring him with such naïve fervor. Most men like to have somebody think them heroic, and look up to them from some loving, humble distance.

"Come and sing for me," he said, seating himself at the piano, and selecting the Sky-Lark.

She sang it joyfully and with a voice like the lark's own.

"You sing like an angel!" he exclaimed. "You will set people crazy. Are you ambitious, little Dolores? Do you think of the time when you shall sing to crowds, and they will throw flowers at you, and applaud you till you are almost deafened?"

The crimson blood surged over her face, and her eyes shone. She was young, and such a life seemed to her the most glorious thing in the world. But she did not tell him, perhaps did not know herself, that the thought which awakened his triumph was that he would be pleased, and that when the world applauded her, he would think her worthier to stand nearer on an equality with him. Dolores loved to look up to him, but she did not wish him to look too much down upon her.

"There comes madame!" he said, spying that lady through the window. "I want nap. She will keep me too long. Tell her that Lucini is coming up this evening to play a violin solo for her. Good-by." She gave her hand to him, with a regretful look that he should go so soon.

"I am coming this evening, too," he said, and in the act of releasing her hand, suddenly stooped to a closer, and drew her to him. "My dear little Dolores," he said, "I am glad you are fond of me."

He held her slight form to his breast, and kissed her shining dark hair and white forehead; then the cheek glowed so, he bent and left a kiss there. In a near those red, smiling lips, he could not resist, but almost before he was aware, he'd pressed his own to them.

A blue, sweet silver ran over the girl's frame, and she fell limp for an instant in his arms.

"You mustn't think me a nasty fellow," he said, half laughing, as he released her, "but you know I am a sort of father and brother to you."

Dolores watched him out, with dazed eyes, and then ran to the window, and looked to see if he went and spoke to madame, looking as long as she could get a glimpse of her.

Madame came in with a very cross face, and sank panting on a sofa.

"Do take my bonnet, child!" she cried, fanning herself. "I am tired and nettled with de hent."

Dolores helped madame in an affectionate, deft way to hat, and brought her a glass of iced water, softly.

"But tiresome Master Chester!" cried the lady, pettishly. "Why does he not mind himself, and let me and you alone? I told him you should not go until I got ready."

"Oh where?" exclaimed Dolores, in alarm.

"Go to Europe," said madame, flinging the words out. "I am able to teach you a year yet, and it is all nonsense your going to Europe."

Dolores's face was in a flame, and her heart throbbed loudly with delighted distress and confusion. To go to Paris—how glorious! But to go away from him!

"I don't know who I would go with," the girl faltered.

"Ah, he will go with you!" said madame, scornfully. Dolores's heart leaped now with unmixed joy.

"But if you could go, madame," she said.

"Next year I can go," madame said; "but not a minute before. You shall go next year. I told him so. Does man are so white, so very big in dem own mind! Where is Adele? I want my luncheon. Tell her to say not at home for one hour."

Dolores shut down the blinds, set out their little table, and presently Adele brought in their luncheon. Madame had a good healthy German appetite, and Dolores was in no danger of starving. A cold chicken, pie, rolls, celery, radishes, a water-melon, and a bottle of lager beer were set on the table, and when these were removed, a tiny glass of French brandy washed down the last tasse, and scented madame from being distressed by her food. Then she loosened her dress, and laid down on the sofa for a nap of half an hour, Dolores fanning her softly, till a great snore released her.

By the time her visitors had come, the lady had quite got over her pet; and after Lucini had played one of his ethereal solos for the violin, she knew no more on earth, except that it was a place to make music on. There was a duet for violin and piano, and she seated herself in a rapture, to play her part.

Mr. Chester sat back and listened, glancing occasionally to where Dolores sat with lips apart and glowing eyes upraised. He left his seat presently, and sat near her, so as to shield her from the others, then reached and took her hand, drawing her slightly towards him. She obeyed the motion, and, hidden by the curtain, leaned on the arm of his chair, while he held her hand, and smoothed her hair. When the piece was at the last bar, he gently repelled her, and she sat upright, blushing and happy.

Mr. Chester did not think of the harm he might be doing in showing Dolores that the tenderness he had for her must be hidden. All he thought was that it was pleasant to have her love and look on him. But his vanity was more engaged than his affections.

The piece ended, the young Italian Lucini turned quickly to see how Dolores had received homage. He had seen Dolores before, and was certainly not indifferent to her. His black, brilliant eyes caught sight of the group, and saw some little sign of confusion pleasure in the gentleman's face, and the deeper flush of Dolores's, and his own dusky cheeks reddened.

"That was exquisite!" Mr. Chester said. "Do not stop. Let us have one more."

"No, I have to play at Mme's concert to night," he said, glancing at his watch. "I must go. It is time to go."

Hastily putting up his violin, he took his hat to go, saluted madame and Mr. Chester, and seemed about to go without noticing Dolores. But at the door he turned and gave her a glance of passionate reproach, bowed lowly to her without looking at the others, then was gone.

Madame and Mr. Chester exchanged a glance. Both were annoyed. It was evident that the young man was in love with Dolores, and had not the least thing oblicr or them wished her to think of these. The sentence of banishment was passed on the young Italian from that moment by both.

Madame and Mr. Chester made a compromise, and this is no novel in Puritan society, for by one, to lay aside their quarrel until under the patronage of a public singer of good position, Mr. Chester accompanying her. Madame took the part of Dolores's guardian, then returned home. Madame was to go out for her pupil.

For Dolores! It was sad being left among strangers, when only sixteen years of age. It seemed to her that she must die upon the spot. But madame had went out of her. She had flung herself in his arms, and begged him to take her away with him, and he had not yet released her hand, suddenly pressed it

not like such reports as that to be circulated. I was not a marrying man, and she is entirely devoted to her art. The place of Dolores is before the world, as a star, not in private, as a wife."

To Dolores herself he said nothing of these stories, and did not know if she heard of them in. When she was not going to sing, he went to the house every evening, where she did sing, he used to sit and smile during the duty. Of course she was long back to retain him for all he had expended on her. He took it the money cheerfully, knowing that she would not be content otherwise, and well pleased with her independent spirit.

So the years passed. Dolores sang every year, in five or six different cities, in round of concerts and operas. Once she went to Europe, took a little more reputation, and sang nightly at Paris, then at London. All one success again, and greater than at first. She was begged to remain in both cities, and royalty smiled on her. A French marquis nearly went crazy last one she returned his hand, and an English earl half his coronet at her feet in vain. Society's lord rather far cool both of these dazzling offers, but she many pressed to their having been refused, that she would have been but either been accepted. Son could scarcely reap down the tears of pride and delight when she told how her Dolores had obtained to become a peeress of England or a marchioness of France. Then home again, and more exhibition than ever from the public, and praise. Even the critics, who exclusive were proud to take by the hand her whose brow had felt itself to be too lofty for a crown.

Now Dolores was in the zenith of her glory, and gloriously beautiful. She was twenty-one years old and healthy. The slim girl had developed into an elegant and superb woman. Fair as Dolores's own was, her form was still more captivating; such curves and supple grace! such exquisite proportional such fullness, with such delicacy! Then her coloration had not been neglected, and the girl had become one other things beside music. She was not one of those who most sing or be nothing; she was one who, when a sensible and accomplished man or woman might take pleasure in talking with.

One September afternoon Mr. Chester came walking leisurely up the steps, as usual. Dolores was going to sing at a concert that evening, and he wanted to see if she was in good voice and spirits. It had got to be such a part of his life to look after her, that he did not know whether she needed to receive his overnight or he needed to give it.

Forty-five began old age is a man who lives an easy life, and Mr. Chester was in the prime of his years, looks and attractive manners. An elegant looking man, with an easy polish of manners, suave, courteous, kind, and sometimes charming, with a look or word of tender sweetness. Mr. Chester was not only by what he said, but by what he did not say.

She door opened, and with a word as the servant, he went into the varied parlor and waited. Dolores came in after a minute or two, with that cordial, familiar way, resulting from having seen him every day for years.

"Dolores is just trying on the new dress she is to wear this evening," she said. "It was just brought home. I told her to come down in it when she is dressed."

She had left the door half open behind her, and soon they heard a rustling on the stairs where the sound of heavy silks streamed the trend of light feet. Madame rose to open the door with her own hands, and, and sometimes charming, with a look or word of tender sweetness. Mr. Chester was not only by what he said, but by what he did not say.

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She had left the door half open behind her, and soon they heard a rustling on the stairs where the sound of heavy silks streamed the trend of light feet. Madame rose to open the door with her own hands, and Dolores swept in smiling, and conscious of being resplendent in beauty and youth. Her autumn sunset was pouring in through the western windows, and she stood there bathed in it, arrested in an attitude all her own, half stately, half airy. Her dark, rippling hair was gathered back into one heavy braid and banded with a wreath of pearls, and with one fine trail of the vine hanging at the side of the neck. Her dress was a magnificent white moire, heavy and lustrous, hanging in easy, sweeping folds for a yard behind her. A tunic of the same was edged with a border of silvery leaves drawn, and the full round beautiful trimming finished into fringe and sleeves. Large medallions of silver lace were placed at intervals on the long skirt, and similar ones on the tunic and sleeves, and a bunch of ivy-leaves was fastened in her bosom. The whole effect was superb, the sweep down on the glistening white of the train looking like bits of light snow on long, crisp, glittering cambric. The only jewels she wore were her diamond earrings and a band of emeralds on each wrist. Mr. Chester almost caught his breath, she was so fatefully beautiful. For a moment she did not say a word, and only uttered his compliments when madame volubly called for them.

"Do come out a moment; but she is the great concert of the season, and to tickets are very high. Do consider and be loyal to the talent would be lost with, and I mount it Dolores did attempt to dress she should do it thoroughly. Send back some queen!"

Dolores was by no means ill pleased with her position, by which she read more admiration than in her own expressed, and her lovely shape and form a deeper bloom as she crossed the room in laughing obedience to madame to show the length of her train.

Madame was in a fuss. Not only had she to superintend the last dressing of Dolores, but she had now to go herself to a horrible heart at a hair-dresser who could not be sure time to come to her. Madame was, herself, to be a performer that night, and would play an accompaniment for her darling. So without ceremony she slapped into her carriage, and threw off to the hair-dresser's, leaving the two alone. Dolores stood in some momentary embarrassment, with her friend intently regarding her. For a minute he did not say anything, then he took a step nearer, and half-laughingly holding his hand, kissed her hand.

"You are too beautiful for anything but actual worship," he said. "It is calling you, I do homage to the genius of music. You should be made immortal as you are, never change, but die as you are while the world lives, and sing to the end of time as you sing now."

The color in her cheeks faded a little and her smile chilled as she looked at him with surprised eyes, and said nothing.

He saw to his feet, hesitated, then bending toward her, put his arm about her, and drawing her slightly toward him kissed her on the cheek. "Be beautiful Dolores," he said, "I am proud of you. You are the crown of my life, for I say to myself that but for me you would never have known you."

As he drew her to him and kissed her, Dolores's color had been rising, and if an instant she had half leaned against him, her breath shivering over her parted lips. But as he spoke and released her, she stiffened again, and turned away with a gesture of arranging some part of her dress. It was always thus. Dolores was ever grateful to him for all he desired, and even adored her. He looked at her additionally, he spoke tender words, he was proud of her, he was ever ready to express his admiration of her merit, and resented a lover as he would resent an attempt to shoot a rare prize from his walk. But he never seemed to recollect that she was also a woman. He kissed the lips that sang, but forgot that they could be kissed in any other mode. He never had asked himself why a young and beautiful woman refused admiration, and remained unmarried; and Dolores, if ever she

by the appalling epithet; and shortly, as if an authorised adoption at the same she had acquired, showed the word Demon in flaming letters on her stern. To capture her seemed impossible; she ever mastered her squalls, and eluded her pursuers. Rumour said she was the vessels that had left different ports in the Mediterranean to disappear forever. It seemed the cruel practice of the Demon to ship her victims in their own vessels.

Most of the trailing vessels then shout to quit the port of Valetta, had requested and obtained convoy from the British sloop-of-war, bound to Gibraltar, and thence to England. So eager were all the ships and their masters to avoid such protection, that I had some difficulty in obtaining a birth in any of the sailes and cursers of the various fine, fast sailing, copper-bottomed brigs whose cards offered such "excellent accommodations for passengers." At length I went on board the "Elizabeth Downs," a large fifteen-masted British vessel, whose size made the surrounding brigs dwindle into insignificance, and whose fresh-painted sides so used to foreshow the cleanliness and comfort that would be found within. One little hour-cog of a cabin on deck alone remained at the captain's disposal. However, I was fond of a cabin on deck, and paid half my passage-money to the civil little captain, who testified with regret that he could not offer me the "freedom of the quarter-deck" (such was his expression) as the whole stern end of the vessel had been taken by an English lady of quality.

It was the month of June, and the weather, though clear, was oppressively hot, when we set sail, under all the canvas we could carry, from port; however, making much progress. The Governor of Fiowerisha, the name of my noble fellow passenger, did not make her appearance on deck much towards the evening of the day we embarked. I was luxuriously stretched on a long seat which joined the stern of the quarter-deck, when I heard her light foot as she ascended the cabin steps. I turned my eyes in the direction whence she came. Good heavens! what was my astonishment in seeing before me the form and features of Margaret Gifford, my betrothed and conversation that caused, I cannot describe. It can easily be divined that Margaret had given her hand to save a parent, and that his last words to her were to bring about a marriage with the Earl of Flourishe, in the hope of acquiring a footing in the world, and the right of managing his favourite concerns; how Margaret held out stoutly until informed of my honour's birth, and how her marriage was announced in the public press. In the accomplishment of all this basement towards me, I feel assured there was something inexpressibly soothing in the sensations of the Countess of Falcondale, in thus overreaching and punishing one who had so much outshone her self-importance as I had done. Here is not a singular character.

Day after day, as we lay on the becalmed waves, I renewed my intercourse with Margaret. As my intimacy with her increased, I reflected with more wonder on her marriage. In the first place I could not bear to think of her having belonged to another; and in the second, I felt that her rank and wealth must give my addresses an air of self-interest which I felt they did not deserve. I dreaded the end of my voyage as much as I had at first desired it, and almost wished that we could sail forever over those still blue seas. Alas! it was not long ere I was to learn that all I held in life that Margaret and I had never met on those waves—ere I would have sacrificed all our own worldly interests, to have known him for one week in her narrow house of turf by the lowly church of A——, and her soul in shelter from the horrors it was doomed to suffer.

One night, after we had been standing for some time contemplating the antivalid like sky, and sweet summer sky, I thought, as I bade the countess a good night, that I perceived a slight change in her. This I remarked to her, and she received the observation with a pleasure which found no corresponding emotion in my breast. As I descended to my berth, I fancied I descried among the sailors one Girod Jacquemind, whose face I had not before remarked. He was a Frenchman, to whom I had, during my sentience abroad, rendered some signal service, and who, though but a wild fellow, had proved to me eternal gratitude. He skulked, however, behind his fellows, and did not now, happened, choose to recognise me.

I behave I slept profoundly that night. When I awoke, there was a round of clashing waves against the vessel, and a bustle of rather voices, and a blustering noise of wind among the sails and rigging; and I soon perceived that our ship was scudding before a stiff, say, almost stormy gale. I peeped through the seaward opening of my little cabin. The scene was strangely changed. It was scarcely dawn. Dun and grey clouds obscured the heaven I had so recently gazed on. I looked for the white sails of our accompanying vessels, and our convoy. All had disappeared. We seemed alone on those lonelies-ridered billows. At this moment I heard a voice in broken English say:

"Coolumi—while I reef tese tamsel topsails my pige go out."

"I did! I again at the blanuets, monsear," said a sailor.

"Yes, and be hanged to de yardarm by our cost captain for flying de sheep. Comment-fais? Sacrebleu! I cannot even feel without my pige. Do tought Monsieur is de lettle cooper who have always de lump patent burning for bess lectures. He sleep now. I go enter gently—light my pige."

He crept slowly under the cabin.

"How's this my friend?" said I, speaking French; "do not our captain know we are out of sight of convoy?"

Girod answered in his native language:

"I—I—that I know not—I—I—I—I do think, perhaps, I have forgotten all I owe you? No, no; but 'tis too late now!"

The man's face showed so much horror and anguish, that I was alarmed. He pointed to the horizon. On its very verge one small spot visible. A dense rolling noise came over the waters.

"It is the British frigate," said Girod, "flying to us to put our ship about, and keep under convoy. But our captain has no intention of obeying the signal; and if you get out of sight of that one distress-ship, you are lost."

"I think you, then, that the Demon Ship is in these seas?" said I, anxiously.

Girod came close to me. With a countenance of remorse and despair I can never forget, he grasped my hand, and pressed it within his own.

"Look up to God!" he whispered; "*you are on board the Demon Ship!*"

A step was heard near the cabin, and Girod was starting from it; but I held him by the sleeve.

"For Heaven's sake, for mercy's sake, for your own sake," he whispered, "let not a look, a word, show that you are acquainted with this secret. If the captain knew I had betrayed it, we should at this moment be rolling fathom-deep over one another in the ocean. All I can do is to give you this clue to you. But be prudent, or you are lost!"

He precipitately quitted the cabin as he spoke, and I hastily locked my door, and sat down in a whisper.

My hope grew to a certainty as I reflected on the whole. When I thought how long and how fearfully the "Elizabeth" had lain amid the sailing vessels at Valetta, and how she had sailed from that port under a powerful convoy, I was almost tempted to believe that Girod had been deceived by some open me. As, however, I heard voices near, I determined to watch and see what would be developed.

"What have you been doing there?" said a voice I had never heard before, and whose ruffianly tones I could hardly be mistaken by an officer at a whisper.

"My pige go out," answered Girod Jacquemind, "and I am sure no impertinent to fish it up on board de ship. As I just hold over de lamp of monsieur, and he sleep, sleep, snore, snore all de while, and know nothing. I have some mind to—to—to—

sing up the shrouds. A few moments elapsed ere the answer was received. At length we heard a

"Well, Jack, well?" which was followed by the springing of a man on deck, with the order,

"Sail, sail within fifty miles, I'll be sworn."

"Well, then, do the work below!" was the reply.

"But," vile an oath, "don't let's have any squealing or signalling. Finish them up quietly. And take all the trumpery out of the cabin, for we shall hold revel there to-night."

A step now came softly down the cuben stair, and a hand tried the door, but found it bolted. I quitted Margaret, and placed myself at the entrance of the cabin.

"Whoever," said I, "attempts to come into this place, does it at the peril of his life. I fire the instant the latch is raised."

A voice said,

"Unlock and deliver now."

I instituted for a moment, and then unfastened the door. Girod entered, and looked it after him. He dragged in with him four stanips, each heavy stone appointed to them, and the same number of sacks. The stones sank on the floor. In the twinkling of an eye, Girod rolled up the carpet of the cabin, and took up the trap-door which every traveller knows to be found in the cabins of merchantmen.

"In—ly," he said in French to the men below by myself.

I immediately descended, received Margaret into my arms, and was holding them out for the other females, when the trap-door was instantly closed and bolted, the carpet laid down, and the cabin door unlocked, and Girod called out:

"Here, you, Harry, Jack, how call yourselves, I've done for two of them. I can't manage no more. Dat tammed colonel, when I stuff him in de sack, he almost break my arm."

Heavy feet trampling over the cabin floor, with a sound of struggling, were now heard over our head. A stifled shriek, which died into a deep groan was cecled—then two heavy splashes into the water, with the subduing noise of something sinking beneath the waves, and the fate of the two innocent sisters was decided.

"Where's Monsieur Girod?" at length said a rough voice.

"O, he's gone shore," was the reply; "thinks him left too good to kill anybody but quality."

"No, no," answered the other, "I'm Girod's friend, through the back house—the fun don't tellow of the whole crew. But he had a private quarrel against that captain down at the bottom of the sea, and he'll be safer if none under not to let anybody lay hands on him but himself. There—thee that locker, heave aft the long table, there'll be others of them here to-night."

At this moment Girod again descended.

"All hands alert, no lads," he cried, "mark attention to de carpet dere—matters not, for I must strict descend and give out de tallie for party. We have no more carnal voyagers, to make revel here to-night without no mromnode."

He soon descended with a light into our wooden dungeon.

Her own unexpected rescue, the fate of her companions, and the sudden obscurity in which we were involved, had almost overpowered Margaret's senses, but they returned with the light.

"Poor Kadie, poor Mary. Alas! for their aged mother!" she said, in the low and subdued tone of one who seems half dreaming a melancholy and frightful dream, and looking with horror on Girod.

"I would have saved you all, but it been possible," said Jacquemichel, in French. "But how were all to be hid, and kept in this place? What I have done is at the risk of my life. But there is not a moment to be lost. I have but time to secure the treasure hold. Look you—here be two pons of meal-sacks for and aft. If you, milaili, hide behind one, and you, colonel, behind the other, ye may have, in some sort, two little chambers to yourselves, after English fashion. Or if you prefer the new sliding-place, take it, in Heaven's name, but lose not a moment."

"And what will be the end of all this?" asked I, after some hurried expressions of gratitude.

"God knoweth," he replied. "I will, from time to time, when I descend to give you meal, and to clean the place, bring you provisions. How long this can last—where we are going—whether in the end I can rescue you, time must be the answer. If we should put into some port of the Levant, perhaps I may be able to pass you on shore in one of those sacks, but we are still on the Gibraltar side of Malta, and shall not see land for a month—only, for God's sake, keep quiet. I'd have you fight, but it would be dangerous. I doubt you'll be stifled alive. Yet there's no help for it. Milai, hide. I dare stay not one moment longer."

He rolled down a heap of biscuits, placed a pitcher of water beside them, and departed.

Never will our first fearful night in that strange concealment be forgotten. The Demon crew had still revelry over our head. Their fierce and frantic curses, their lawless songs, their awful blasphemous oaths, their shouts in execration, made Margaret thrill with a horror that half exalted a wish to escape in death from the polluting vicinity of such infernal abominations. Her to it was so shallow that we appeared close to the revellers. Their voices sounded so near that we seemed almost among them, and our concealment a mockery, while the heat became so stifling and unbearable, that we could scarcely gasp, and I began to fear that Margaret would expire in my arms.

It was a strange reflection that we might, almost without the warning of an instant, be in the hands of our brutal and unconscious jailers; for our concealment afforded not even the slender defence of an inside lock or bolt, and the carpet, which seemed to present a slight barrier between us and the Demon horde, had been rolled up, as no longer necessary to give our lists unconsecrations the appearance of a cabin fitted up for passengers. The light streamed here and there through the crevice in the trap-door, and I involuntarily watched when I saw it intercepted by the form of Margaret, as if, even in that unconscient, it might betray her. We dared scarcely breathe—we were in momentary and ever-increasing fear of being discovered, and pressed myself at the entrance of the cabin.

"Whoever," said I, "attempts to come into this place, does it at the peril of his life. I fire the instant the latch is raised."

A voice said,

"Unlock and deliver now."

I instituted for a moment, and then unfastened the door. Girod entered, and loc

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

THE WIDOW.

BY CRAIGUE.

The rain is dripping down
From mossy cottage eaves,
As slowly, wearily around
Fall the wet, heavy leaves

A sparrow is piping, dreary!
The trill is low, and her breast
Is throbbing with sadness and fear
For she kneels in the dripping nest.

Ah! sparrow, as wildly as thine
Beats my heart for a little brood,
Unfolded are sores, barefoot are mine,
All chirping and crying for food.

'Tis a sorrowful, sorrowful time
For mothers and babes, I am sure,
When parent and babe is tired, wet wing,
And a wild wind mother is poor.

Ah, me! my heart is so lonely,
So bitter and chilled to-night,
Empty one, O God! I have only
Count ist in the sunshine bright.

Thus shrouded with clouds and sins,
I forgot Thy Re-wards both of ar-all—
Am "neither the bakers to come unto h-im,"
And "smith the sparrow's fall."

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

Under the Southern Cross.

BY CHARLES B. DAVIS.

[We give below the first of a series of startling adventures in South America, under the general title of "Under the Southern Cross." They are furnished us by a writer who is now in our readers; but every one will see at a glance that he possesses the talent of description in a wonderful degree. We can promise those who pursue these sketches a very rich treat.—Ed.]

ADVENTURE WITH A JAGUAR.

"In the heart of the Cordilleras, and five thousand feet above the level of the sea! Hurrah!" shouted Frank. And he sprang from the ground, where he had been sitting *a la Turk*, masticating his noonday lunch, and gazed in silence on the wild scenery that presented from that sublime eminence, while his cheeks tinged with a glow of enthusiasm.

I selected another paper of cigars and beef before the fire which our Indian guide had kindled, just in a cavelet where two rocks met, and proceeded to devour it, along with sundry other of my personal effects.

All the morning we had been climbing over the roughest and most dangerous of mountain paths, crossing chasms a yard in width and two hundred yards in depth, and threading paths which wound within a foot of the edge of yawning precipices, till we had reached a height from which we could see the eastern slope at the clouds, and look away down into the plain beneath. Above and behind us, clearly visible, towered the higher summits; below us, the slopes sank and range lay thrown together in what seemed an orderly confusion; and lower still, the forests, which cover, as with a dark blanket, the west of this tremendous mountain-monarch; and still further, the gray pampas, stretching away to the horizon's bounds; and I almost fancied I could see the silver waters of the La Plata, hundreds of miles away. This sight, gilded by the midday sun, was picturesque, unique, unlike any other scene; and every object, near and distant, struck the eye with surprising clearness in the pure, rarefied air of these regions. I to feel at Frank. His enthusiasm had subsided into a contemplative mood, and he was sitting looking against it coat, apparently in fond study of the old equilibrium of body and mind which succeeds a sparkly meal and precedes a siesta. The guide was reading away as if for a wager, and I stretched myself out on the ground, placed my portmanteau under my head, and prepared for a quiet nap. It occurred to me to see if he an exceedingly odd situation for a pair of Yankee students. But Frank's eyes said my nerves had become weakened by his close application to books; the college had been too confined; and to gain rest, a change of scene, and a great deal of exercise in the open air, he had decided on a year's travel in South America. The long voyage was over, the passage from Valparaiso to the mountains had been accomplished, and a fortnight passed among the social fandangoes of Mendoza, and here we found ourselves fast entering the land of romance and mystery—this country of wonderful pampas, of prodigious mountains and wild animals; and whose inhabitants are Spaniards, Gauchos and Squatter-Spaniards, are characterized as being the most treacherous, and at the same time the most whimsical people on the face of the earth. But my thoughts began to grow confused, and I knew nothing more till I awoke.

Frank had finished his nap, and was shaking my arm. I sprang to my feet and rubbed my eyes. Pedro the guide was still snoring quietly on Aramaca Indian cut store, who seems to be born sleeping.

"Rise up, you yellow rascal! I will be frightened all the birds with your snoring!" shouted Frank, flinging the now empty provision bag at his head.

The Indian got upon his set, looked dismally around, and then dug forth of his dirty flats into his eyes. At length he proceeded to gather up and pack our simple cooking apparatus, while Frank and I stood by, examining and pointing our rifles, to see that they were in proper order in case of sudden need. As he moved, I could but notice the sluggish agility of his lithe and apparently fragile form. I knew that some of the tribe in this country were renowned for their personal bravery. Pedro was an Indian—more. He was young—not more than twenty—his limbs were small and well-rounded, and his smooth, nut-brown skin, his coarse, black hair, and eyes, would have made him an attractive person, had it not been for the air of negligence and slovenliness which pervaded his whole character.

At length the preparations for our departure were completed, and we wound out of the little rock where we had dined, and down the tortuous path, made among the rocks, in single file; Pedro going first, carrying the baggage, with rifle stuck of only one of two very necessary articles, then Frank and I, our rifles lying carelessly over our shoulders. The path was, I perceived, more than dint on the other side of the mountain, which we had toiled up in the morning. It seemed to wind down the mountain in a spiral form, descending in abrupt and almost perpendicular steps for a rod or two, and then sloping gradually for quite a distance, while the wonderful view presented to the eye,—varying at every point, of the mighty mass of mountains and rocks majestically piled directly above our heads, so steep was the descent, and the packs, ridges, chasms, gorges and distant ranges that met our feet,—was terribly grand and awe-inspiring. At places, too, the passages were so narrow that we had to squeeze through at the risk of damaged clothing, boiling our ribs above our heads, and at others to hold on by twigs and corners of rocks to keep from slipping and tumbling headlong down the mountain side. I must say that it passed my understanding how the chaparos, with their cumbrous baggage, or the mule, with its bulky form and uncertain hoofs, could manage to cross those impassable heights.

Hour after hour we kept cautiously on, going sometimes slowly and sometimes faster, as the ground would be favorable or otherwise, but the path seemed scarcely seemed to grow any less in number; and more than once I felt a sense of relief, amounting to a pleasure, at the sight of a rock, as it seemed, if I but my nuisance and fell. I should be dashed upon the top of another mammoth.

The silence was at length broken by Frank, who made some remark relative to the probability of our reaching the valley of Uspallata that night, but I was too much engrossed in the contemplation of the scenery to hear my attention to Frank, and he then I saw that the Jaguar was gaining rapidly upon repeated his remark in a louder tone, which the latter the mule, and was just upon him, when the latter heard, and replied, "Si, Senor," in a short, quick manner. gave a sudden and terrific spring, wheeled and closed his enemy, and took the back track. I was about to try another shot at the jaguar, when, with a fierce yell, Pedro sprang from his seat down among the rocks, wounded, and swallowed by him of blood. The mule, frightened, was also leaping on till one of the rocks suddenly turned to one side, and actually bounded from rock to rock, up the steep side of the mountain. I was left alone, with no one to help me, and no other resource than my rifle, which I had hastily thrown over my shoulder, and which I now drew from its place, and prepared for the conflict. The jaguar was gaining rapidly upon the mule, and was just upon him, when the latter gave a sudden, startling spring, wheeled and closed his enemy, and took the back track. I was about to try another shot at the jaguar, when, with a fierce yell, Pedro sprang from his seat down among the rocks, and actually bounded from rock to rock, up the steep side of the mountain. I was left alone, with no one to help me, and no other resource than my rifle, which I had hastily thrown over my shoulder, and which I now drew from its place, and prepared for the conflict. The jaguar was gaining rapidly upon the mule, and was just upon him, when the latter gave a sudden, startling spring, wheeled and closed his enemy, and took the back track. I was about to try another shot at the jaguar, when, with a fierce yell, Pedro sprang from his seat down among the rocks, wounded, and swallowed by him of blood. The mule, frightened, was also leaping on till one of the rocks suddenly turned to one side

the little creatures had subjected herself in her rapture proved too severe for her, and on Christmas day she was taken sick. For several weeks she was very ill, but all through we thought her better, so much better that her father put into execution a plan which he had for some time been thinking of—to give a home party to a number of his friends—last Hence, like himself. It is necessitated with him upon having such a gathering at his house; but the physician insured him that it would not disturb Hicie, as she was now much better, and seemed to be in a fair way to regain her former health and strength. My remonstrance was in vain, and I consented to be present at the entertainment, hoping to be able to repress any disorder that might tend to disturb the little invalid up stairs.

When the night appointed came, a merry party assembled in the drawing-room. I did not go down for some time, for, much to our surprise, Hicie was in a dozy grave mood. The physician looked grave as he saw her, and he told me in a tone too low for the mother to hear, that the change was unfavorable, that he feared for the little one's life. This decided me, and I stayed to keep the sorrowing mother company, while the thoughtless father made merry with his friends below. Occasionally we could hear bursts of laughter, and echoes of songs and the clinking of glasses; and as the night wore on, these sounds grew louder. Hicie heard them, and listened eagerly.

"Is that papa?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes, dear."

"Is he drinking?"

Too truthful to deceive the little one, even at such a time, the mother answered, softly:

"Yes, darling. He has some friends with him, and they are very noisy; but you must not mind them."

"Ah me!" sighed little Hicie, "if the Christ Child would only come to his!"

Then her eyes closed, and she lay so still I thought she had fallen asleep. The noise below grew louder and louder, and at last I rose and went down to the drawing-room, to beg the guests to be more quiet. I could my errand to a half and-hearted grave, and was turning away, heartsick, at the thought that a man could neglect his child for such a scene, when the door of the room opened, and a little figure came in slowly and silently. It was little Hicie, and her pale face, crowned with her golden curls, looked so still, so unearthly, and so supernatural radiance. Going straight up to her father, she laid her head upon his arm.

"Papa," she said, in her sweet, pure voice, "I have come for you."

"Who sent you here, child?" he asked, with a gesture of annoyance.

"The Christ Child sent me for you," she answered.

The man stood as one suddenly paralyzed, and the glass went crashing from his hand to the floor. Every sound in the room was hushed, and the revelers bent forward, gazing at the child with abashed wonder.

"What do you mean, Elsie?" her father faltered.

"The Christ Child has sent me to take you home," she answered. "I am going to die to night, papa, and I am going back to heaven with him. Take me in your arms, and let me talk to you. In the name of my child he far away from you, and I will not be able to talk to you then."

The poor man caught up the little one in his heart, with a cry of agony, and the mother, who had entered the child, came in and stood by in silent wonder. The hardened men who had been so merry but a moment before, were melted to tears, and some were weeping like children.

"Don't die, Elsie?" groaned the father. "Stay with me, darling, and I will do all you want me to."

"I must go, papa," she said, faintly, "for the Christ Child has come for me. He told me just now to come here and ask you to be good, so that he may love you. Don't drink any more, or be unkind to mamma. I shall know if all is heaven, papa, and it will grieve me if you do not do as I ask you."

"God helping me, darling," sobbed the repentant father, "I will be a better man from to-night!"

"And I, too," came in tremulous tones from many of those who had listened to the child.

"Then I am happy," she murmured, faintly. "I must go with the Christ Child now, for he is waiting for me. Goodby, good-by!"

And with a smile, little Elsie nestled closer to her father's breast, and so fell asleep. As I looked at her, I felt that there was truth in the sweet old legend, and that I, too, had seen a Christ Child.

HONEY.

Honey, it is well known, when taken fresh from the comb, is a clear yellow syrup, containing no traces of solid sugar. Upon straining, however, it assumes a crystalline appearance, and finally becomes a solid lump of sugar. M. Schleicher has found that this change is due to photographic action, particularly only when exposed to the light. This explanation furnishes us the reason why bees are so careful to work in perfect darkness, always carefully covering the glass windows which may be placed in their hives. The young bees can feed on the liquid honey only, and if light were allowed access to it, the syrup would gradually acquire more or less consistency, sealing up the cells, and in all probability proving fatal to the inmates of the hive.

Open evil at all events does this good—it keeps good on the alert. When there is no likelihood of an enemy's approaching, the garrison slumber on their post.

THE MURDERED ORDERLY.

THERE was an Hungarian in my staff, a man thoroughly deserving of middle age, and of extraordinary intelligence and information. He spoke five languages—his native tongue, English, French, German and Spanish; and possessed an extensive knowledge of the history of many lands. My first encounter with him in Australia was rather curious, and shows what singular coincidences will occur in life.

I had camped one evening, after many weeks of travel, near a noxious water-hole, and was sitting on a log wearily waiting for the "billy" to boil, when a man was seen driving three horses before him. He saluted me in a slightly foreign accent, and was proceeding further on, when I told him that as tea was nearly ready he had better halt there. This is customary. God bless the gallant, the generous pioneer spirit of the Australian!

After he had unsaddled and let his horses go loose, our dialogue commenced.

"Well, sir," I said, "have you fever and ague?" I asked.

"Very bad, sir; I am on my way to town for advice and change of air."

Here he commenced shivering violently, and I saw a ghastly yellowish tint to his brown cheeks. He added me in a slightly foreign accent, and was proceeding further on, when I told him that as tea was nearly ready he had better halt there. This is customary. God bless the gallant, the generous pioneer spirit of the Australian!

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SEASONABLE WISHES.

We wish for our readers the "Merry Christmas and the Happy New Year." The customary kind wish, that, though conventional and trite, has sympathy and feeling in every tone of it. And, more than wishing it, it shall be our aim to make it to them what we wish, and crown the year, through our efforts, with pleasant flowers and comfortable reminiscences that shall make the holidays last all the year round. "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!" How many beautiful lips repeat it in fervent prayer at this genial season, and the heart grows warm as the pleasant sound of the greeting and response runs in a roller measure of love and trust. And the wish breathes into beautiful benedictions, and the whole is made glad by wide overflowings of the season from somebody. Could we, Amodeus-like, unroof houses and see what is transpiring within the mansions

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A SONG FOR THE SMOKERS.

BY GEORGE JAY VARNEY.

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
From my morning pipe;
Puff, puff, puff!
In the pungent cloud
My tired heart can revive and grow,
And the nervous laughter prowesh high and loud.

Smoke, smoke! puff, puff!
Then I blow on ye
The sober same (cents) I lack enough,
And cloud the fairest day.

Smoke, smoke, smoke!
O, the shmoe was divine;—
Puff, puff, puff!
There now I suffer pain
From this stomach work of mine,
Tobacco is the cure, and so much joy I gain.

Smoke, smoke! puff, puff!
Then I blow away
The sober same (cents) I lack enough,
And cloud the fairest day.

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
While shines the mighty star;
Puff, puff, puff,
Where come the smiling fairy
Still I cleave to my clgar,
Through mist and cinders bathe the tainted air.

Smoke, smoke! puff, puff!
Then I blow away
The sober same (cents) I lack enough,
And cloud the fairest day.

P. S. I smoke myself.

No. 1.—COMPLETE IN FOUR NUMBERS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870, by ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DRUID PROPHECY.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER I.

HEY gave just the life and animation needed to complete the picture to the long train of equestrians, cantering up the highway which wound like a silvery ribbon amid the noble woods, until it lofsily surmounted the steep hill. A little in advance of some twenty companions, Winifred Poinson checked her horse, threw back her veil, and turned in the saddle to look down upon the lifting panorama spread out before her. Her dark eyes shone brilliantly with an eagerness and admiration; a sweet, happy smile hovered around her red lips; there was not a sign of care, of weariness, or trouble on her face, not a shadow of a foreboding in her heart. She looked bright, and beautiful, and gladsome enough to have passed for some sweet princess of a fairy tale passing from one enchantment to another.

Some such vague conviction showed itself in the faces of the two gentlemen who were evidently both attempting to pass for the lady's especial escort, as they spurred upward to her side.

"See!" said Winifred, pointing with a neatly gauntleted hand, in a somewhat imperious gesture, "Shall we find anything like that in our finest pictures?"

"No," echoed one voice, heartily, and Humphrey Ross's gray eye caught the same glad light as her own. But the other, that tall, supe'b rider, with his dark beauty of face and his unbroken reticence of manner, let his eye wander for a moment over the landscape, and there silence brought it back to the speaker's face. Swithin Schlosser had nothing to say. It was not his country; wherefore should he shrill beauty its beauty?

"It is lovely! it is lovely!" repeated Winifred Poinson, with a childish earnestness of manner. "Only look, Humphrey, at that group of maples, like a blotch of fiery crimson flung out into the gold and green of the walnuts and firs."

The brow of the hill commanded a wide prospect; for, between it and the blue ridge of woods, reaching against the clear, broad sweep of horizon in the distance, lay a tract of land, broken into gentle slopes and rising knolls, and broad meadows and pastures, in fact, a valley, something like a mile in breadth, through which a gentle, placid river meandered. And all this varying shade was rollicking now in the gorgeous hues of an American autumn, and there hoverad from the magnificent colors those resplendently beneath the filtering sunlight, with a wondrous beauty defying an artist's palette. Lines of walnuts of a rich golden green, contrasting startlingly with the flaming fire of the maples, and the pure yellow of the more matured chestnuts, and all, in turn, heightened by the dark lines of the bronzed umber of oaks, and the dull neutral tints of evergreens. At the extreme distance there was a glimpse of a graceful church spire pointing upward from the trees, a full view of a factory, with tall chimney and belfry, which, at that distance, was quite as picturesque as a castle could have been, and behind, through the gap of crowning woods, the clustering roofs of a country village.

"Yes, it is wondrously beautiful, Winifred. You must have a chaplet of those leaves to garland your hat. We shall enter upon the jewel-room pathway in a moment, and we will select the rarest."

The girl smiled slowly, reluctantly withdrawing her eyes from the scene before, as the rest of the cavalcade, amidst a swell of merry laughter and bantering jests, came cantering up the height.

A tall, symmetrical figure, mounted upon a magnificent horse, dashed in upon the three grouped at the brow of the hill. As the sleuder hand threw back a veil of curly locs, a rich, smooth voice, mutbling with the passionate look of the beautiful dark face, exclaimed:

"Here is the missing link! How happens it, Miss Poinson, that you decided to steal such a march upon us?"

Winifred Poinson turned quickly, and just the faintest added crimson rose to her face, as she answered:

"I was determined to have MY first view of this picture by myself. Say, how much can one enjoy it amidst all this chattering?"

"I don't know that Orlando altogether upon the gazer's thoughts, I fancy."

And the brilliant black eyes swept along the scene gravely, and, as Winifred thought, coldly.

"You have no heart in you, you foreigner!" exclaimed Humphrey Ross, laughing, and Mr. Schlosser—he has shown no more emotion in view of all this magnificence, than a marble statue would have done."

A slowly dawning smile carved the thin lips under Swithin Schlosser's glossy, black mustache, as he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders:

"Pardon me, but perhaps the very grandeur of the exterior has caused me to so much depth of passion within. Your true American, with all his excitability and quick emotion, can never even dream of the real depth of passion, either of delight or anguish, of which other nations are capable. I have seen a dead calm anywhere, be sure it precedes or follows a tornado."

"At least, you might say this is beautiful. If I were a Rhine scene, or any Old World view, you would be enraptured. But in young, plebeian America, I suppose it would be folly to see any charm in it. Or, the arrogance of you foreigners!" repeated Winifred, stirred into a flash of petulance, as the cool manner he had been every time she had met this stranger, a guest at her friend's house, something like ten days previous.

"Miss Poinson is very hasty in her judgment," returned the gentleman, quietly, repressing a smile, as he saw that his eyes had fired full upon here. "I am willing to err, now and here, that I have found in America many loveliness that has been the cause of good fortune to meet in all my wanderings over the Old World."

His meaning was evident without the gallant bow. Whitford bit her lip, as she thought, "He makes it out that I was angling for a conquest," and then, looking abeautly to Humphrey Ross, she said, chirruping at the same time to her horse:

"And now then, Humphrey, for your wreath. O, see what a golden shower is falling. Let us all hasten to recover the gentle baptism of leaves."

"You can have all I will on our fortunes," returned Humphrey Ross, flushing with gratification at the evident contidence of her tone as contrasted to the slight hauteur with which she had spoken to Mr. Schlosser.

"They are of every shade. Molten gold for good luck, green for jealous and disappointed love, ruby for love, green for jealous and disappointed love, ruby for on for blushing affection. Come all, and let the dryads fell the leaves of love."

A chorus of merry approval rose from the equestrians, and spurring forward, Humphrey Ross and his fair companion led the way over the brow of the maple, whose great branches reaching over the road, made a leafy canopy for the passers. The light wind blew a stirring the boughs lessly, sent a shower of ripened leaves dropping downward, and the sunlight sifting through them in their passage, made them indeed look like dryad jewels of every shade and hue.

Gathering underneath the bough, the gay party waited for the coming shower, with gloved hands and hats held in childish eagerness. The first stir of the wind in the upper branches was greeted with a little tremor of nervous laughter, and when the light wind began flouting down, there was an eager scrambling.

"Nay," exclaimed Swithin Schlosser, "you must not seize upon your fortune; you must let it come to you. Let every one remain stirless, and accept what is given."

There was a flash of earnest meaning in his eye, and he watched with keen interest the soft pink glow on Winifred Poinson's sweet, innocent face, while now and then a furtive glance explored the cold, impassive features of the ungallicent woman who rode beside him.

In a few moments every one had a leaf to show, some caught upon the hat, the shoulder, the ankhie, but there were only two of the twenty who received the leaf of prophecy upon the palm, Winifred Poinson and Swithin Schlosser.

They both sat like statues transfixed to the saddle, staring down at the sacred gift, and the faces of both were white with a sudden pallor, although the expression were very different. Winifred's lovely bloom had vanished, affrighted by a vague premonition of evil, but the long black eyelashes of the beautiful willow veiled a glance fiercer that most had brought some laughlie shape to the shrinking soul within.

Swithin Schlosser lost no single expression on either face. He guided his horse a little closer, and looking over curiously into the small, exquisitely-shaped hand which rested on Mrs. Inchbald's saddle. A leaf was there ripened into the most vivid yellow, but with a deep tint of round red dots scattered over it, looking like a shower of blood.

"Bless me, that is surely a mistake," said he, with some slight show of astonishment. "It cannot be intended for you, Mrs. Inchbald."

She started a little nervously, swept a quick, searching glance into his face, and answered, tightly:

"I see nothing ominous. It looks like a spotted butterfly."

"If a butterfly should flutter under a murderer's hand, it ought to. Throw it away, fair lady; it has plenty of gold, but blood-stained."

The hand trembled, as it flung off the leaf, and the silence crept over the cluster like the very lips, but Mrs. Inchbald, curbing the horse with an impatient hand, gave him his rein unrestrained, and the carretlage gave her ample excuse to escape from the steady, pitiless gaze of those singular eyes of Swithin Schlosser; singular, because with that swarthy complexion, and raven hair, and jetty beard, they should have been dark as midnight, whereas they were light as day.

He turned with a peculiar smile, mingling cold contempt with a deadly bitterness, and rode forward a pace, where Humphrey Ross was coaxing away the gravity from Winifred Poinson's face.

"How dreadfully sober you look, my child!" It really seems that beauties all glad and beautiful gifts are already given, have no more to cause."

"I wish we had not tried the presumptuous experiment," faltered the girl. "I cannot shake off the chill."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Schlosser, guiding his horse to the other side.

He reached out to him her leaf, a sombre-looking thing, indeed. The outer rim showed a narrow line of yellow, marked in with a crimson streak, but the rest was one broad splash of inky blackness. He lifted his eyes to her troubled face with a look of tender sympathy tenderness.

"Truly our dryad sibyl was in a vindictive mood. Nine and almost much that soothes Sees!" said he. And he showed her another with a dead centre, and crimson, jagged edges.

"Upon my life, it is cheering. What a clear, brilliant yellow, with interlacings of emerald!" observed Winifred, shaking off her frightened look, as she turned to Humphrey Ross.

"It is but an idle jest, any way. What does it matter for if they show favorable or threatening?" returned he, fretting beneath that look of tender interest on Mr. Schlosser's face. "See how the ebb and backwashing over their success. I dare say they have just such black centres as yours, Winifred."

"There's Mrs. Inchbald. Ask her of her fayor, Methought she flung it away rather sagerly," suggested Schlosser.

"O! Mrs. Inchbald, tell us what was your fortune," cried out Winifred, guiding her horse to the gay group gathering about the lady.

The lady tut her lip, glanced back to the stately rider on the black horse, and answered, contemptuously:

"I scarcely cared to look. What can one judge from such child's play?"

"From my opinion, Mrs. Inchbald," interposed Humphrey Ross. "I was just telling Winifred it was shrewd in her to be so discreet in her choice of a second lead, she, who is so evidently the petted darling of fortune."

Every one while he spoke, some one of the gentlemen lingering in the rear called out to the party, to direct attention to the group horseman far below on the dusty highway, galloping at full speed.

"Was there any one else to join our party?" asked one and another, as the evidently unhastening to attract our attention, to delay us for his approach."

They watched the horse and rider with curious curiosity, as he came furiously onward, sparing not his reeking horse for the steep ascent, but suddenly there came a halt by the Three Winifred Poinson.

"It is John West. He is coming for me. O, something has happened to my father! Evil is at hand, and the arbitress of fate is Winifred Poinson!"

She said this in a low, concentrated tone of intense alarm, and then leaned forward with pallid, distended lips, watching the horseman's approach.

Smile and jest died out at once from the whole party, and Humphrey Ross spurred away down the hill to meet the messenger. He returned before the other's speech and jaded animal could reach the brow of the hill. Whitford still sat leaning forward in the saddle, her cold hands clenched over the reins, her eyes wild and affrighted.

"Come, Winifred," began honest-hearted Humphrey, scarcely daring to lift his eyes to that sweet but frozen-looking head, and then his voice broke down.

"Tell me!" demanded the girl, sternly.

"An accident. Your father was thrown out of his carriage. You must ride swiftly."

A low moan escaped from the white lips, then she glanced back shudderingly to the great tree.

"Black, black indeed! Is my father's blood the fruit?" she cried out.

"Hush, dear Whitfred! There may be hope. He was not dead. The mist says he declared he would live till you arrived, though every breath was torture. Come, now."

He gathered up the reins, and struck her riding-whip fiercely across the glossy flank of her gut, and as, without a single look to the others, Winifred Poinson, closely followed by her devoted cavalier, dashed away down the hill, retracing the path they had followed so recently and the rest of the party, with dejected spirits and awed looks, slowly pursued their way.

CHAPTER II.

How fair and lovely looked the home which held such strong claim upon the girl's devoted, enthusiastic heart, bathed in the luminous radiance of that golden autumnal day! The clear sweep of lawn had not lost its velvety green, though the great oaks which formed a sentinel line along the semi-circle of avenue, were browned and scored. The fallen leaves in silent, curved heaps at their roots, and in the garden bed in the rear of the right wing, flowers were still blooming, sustained by screens, which, with the vivid blue of the sky, and the still deeper tint of a calm, broad river sunbeam, reflecting back the glow and glory of autumn, made it and Joppua a picture, one could not realize that winter and desolation were at hand. Winifred Poinson sprang forward her dropping horse, and shut her eyes for a moment, as she swept under the arched gateway, the brightness and beauty only seeming to mock her.

A faithful old servant started out from his post under the larch trees, and pulling off his hat, bowed in silent, reverential awe

ble, only desperately, wickedly in earnest to fulfil an imperative duty."

The physician had taken the arm not disabled, and was trying the pulse.

"Well, how many minutes?" asked Matthew Poinson, gravely.

"I cannot tell. I should have said, half an hour ago, you had not ten. Your energy of will is wonderful."

"I pray that it may last. Go, go. I must not trifle with those atoms of time!"

His eye turned again wistfully to the fair head bowed around his pillow in stillness anguish.

The last bedstep retreated from the room, the door closed, and a wonderful silence settled upon the chamber of death, save only for the labored breathing of the dying man, and the low sobs of the anguished daughter.

"My darling, my darling!" gasped Matthew Poinson, "there is no time now for grieving. The little hold I have on life is slipping away from me. In a little while all your efforts will not be able to win an answer from me. Then you may weep, my poor child, now you must listen."

The powerful efforts required to utter this coherently brought the clammy dew still more profusely upon his forehead. Winifred Poinson shoved at last that she inherited some of the Poinson's indomitable will. She lifted her face, brushed off the tears, and answered.

"I will listen, father. I will be calm. My sorrow shall not distract you."

She seemed at last to be aware of the chalice he held, to cease from the great agony of her own breathe to give him every needed help. She took her handkerchief, and wiped away the cold dew. She held both hands of hers over the poor frozen fingers, and leaning down, looked into his with eyes of unutterable love.

"Winifred, Winifred," said he, fairly sobbing forth the words, "O, how can I leave you! Young, little with this awful trial which has borne so heavily upon me? My child, I shrink to tell you!"

The dear, terrorful eyes never left his face.

"Nothing can be hard in comparison with leaving you," she said.

"But it must be! O, it must be!" he moaned.

"Winifred, Winifred, can you be strong, and brave, and true—you so young and tender—to perform what I carefully guarded?"

"I can, father, if it is right," returned she, growing a little paler, overwhelmed by a newborn dread.

"My precious one! Promise me here. Swear before Heaven, here upon my dying body, that you will obey my instructions. That you will fulfil the trust I leave with you?"

The sweet face was as coldly white as that of the dying father, but she answered firmly.

"I swear. O father, whatever it is, I will do my best."

His glaring eyes turned to her doubly.

"My good, true daughter! Heaven will reward you! If I had dreamed of this sudden death, O, how differently I should have managed! I should have left sure of a dozen years more of life, and I guarded my secret from your knowledge with jealous care. But you shall have it now!"

He paused, oppressed for a moment with deadly faintness, and then went on rapidly:

"I must not daily. The sands are nearly run. Listen, my child; treasure every word!"

And with her fascinated gaze riveted upon the ghastly face, whose dying eyes burnt with the fierceness of expiring strength, Winifred Poinson heard a long and agitating, and impressive story.

Something like an hour after their departure from the chamber, the unseemly loitering group in the adjoining room heard a grave, still voice, that was full of a strange unnatural calm, call to them. All went hurriedly, expectantly to find the patient in the agonies of death, the daughter still with frantic anguish. Instead, however, a pale, but tearless face confronted them all, its girlishness hidden by a grave, womanly expression, and on the couch rested a stainless form, a cold face with eyes forever sealed, and lips frozen into a placid smile.

"He is dead," said Winifred Poinson. "I think it was not a very hard struggle. He broke off in the midst of a sentence, gasped a few times, and all was over."

The doctor walked to the bedside, and the nurses followed. Miss Poinson stood a moment, then said, calmly, ere she left the room:

"Care for him tenderly."

And she went away to her own chamber with a quick gesture waving back the housekeeper's weeping sympathy.

"Not now, Mrs. Doyle. I wish to be alone now. I presume you have telegraphed for my Uncle and Aunt Mirabels. Let me know when they arrive."

This grave dignity of manner was so unlike the girlish impulsiveness, and clinging gentleness of her usual demeanor, that Mrs. Doyle was fairly awed and astonished. She turned away, and met the seamstress, Rosa Damon, murmuring in perplexity:

"She is not like herself at all. I can't see into it; but maybe it is the great shock she has met. Such a sudden blow may well change us all. Poor child! I only hope she may find comfort."

"It's not the shock," said Rosa Damon, shaking her head. "It is something he has told her. What else but some terrible secret could have given him the strength to live till she came? And why was we all turned away, if not for that?"

And then Miss Elsie walked off to the hall window, and stood there looking out abstractedly, and tapping against the glass with the left fore-finger, which was blackened and roughened with continual finger pricks, she muttered:

"Humph! It's not the shock of his death, I am sure of that. As sure as you're born, Elsie Damon, there's some shocking secret, and it's worth your while to look after it."

And nodding again, till the little bunch of faded curls on either side her sharp, thin face vibrated, as if blown by the wind, she added:

"When the mourning's made, I shall get a chance to see how she looks; and, if there's nothing to make it, I can tell, I know I can."

If an awful the bereaved daughter had entered her own chamber, a purity, tastefully-furnished room, and had bolted the door behind her. She went about in a still, mechanical way, removing the rifling-dress, and, putting on a wrapper, and with grave deliberateness restoring every article to its proper position. Then she sat down, and leaned her head thoughtfully by to her hand. She rose again, and, going to the mirror took down the rich coils of brunette hair, and slowly smoothed them out, all without a tear, and with a look on her face as of one in a sort of stunned insensibility. A very little thing brought the change. A spray of gorgeous maple leaves was lying carelessly on the mantle who held between its crimson folds a single fragile flower. Winifred Poinson shoved at last that she inherited some of the Poinson's indomitable will. She lifted her face, brushed off the tears, and answered.

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"O father, father! This prophecy was true. The brightness, and gladness, and beauty have gone from my life, and there is only the shrivelled desolateness, the sombre blackness, the blood-tinged horror!"

Then in a moment she clasped her hands and murmured:

"Forgive me, father. I will not repine. I will not shrink. If you can look down from that unknown sphere into which your soul has winged its flight, you may know that your daughter will faithfully fulfil her solemn oath. Her own aspirations, and vague dreams, say, her fondest hopes, she must put aside until the arrival of her relatives from town.

"I am sorry," said the pale, hazel-hearted Humphrey, "I can hear Winifred needs support and tender care all the time. I am afraid she will make herself seriously ill, poor child, if you don't. Do try and coax her to let you stay with her, until her aunt comes. I cannot bear to go away, and think of her left to herself, when she has been like a sister or a brother!"

"Indeed, I think she has found strength in some wonderful fashion. She is nothing so broken down as I expected she would be, sir," returned Mrs. Doyle.

"Some grief is too terrible for outward manifestation," murmured Miss Damon, solemnly. "I am sure I never saw a person more terribly stricken than she was at the shocking tidings. She has been to motherly years, to lovingly sheltered from every harm, this blow may well seem overwhelming."

"But, sir," repeated Mrs. Doyle, a little impatiently, "I cannot see Miss Poinson in bearing herself with more firmness and dignity than I dreamed she was capable of."

"I wish I might speak a few words with her," persisted the young gentleman.

"I feel sure that you wished it, and she bade me say she could see no one until her uncle came; and she told me not to come again to disturb her, until I should be summoned."

"Then I may as well go," said Humphrey, reluctantly.

"I think so myself," was Mrs. Doyle's dry response.

And Humphrey took his hat, and went away, slowly, out into the mellow, golden glory of that Indian summer day. His heart was so full of sorrow and shadow which had then suddenly fallen upon the woman he loved, that the very beauty of the outer world gave him a pang.

He stood a moment at the step, gazing outward, and then, with a sudden impulse, he turned and looked up at the house, a hot mist of tears creeping into his eyes. Of course the eyes, which were those of a lover, selected at once the windows he knew to be hers. In a second Humphrey Ross had swept away his hat, and was bowing in reverence and tender respect, for there was the pale, pale face, pressed against the glass.

She looked up the window, and leaned out a moment, speaking slowly, grave, but very calm.

"I can't think me unkind, dear Humphrey. I know your heart is full of sincerest kindness. I can well imagine all the sympathy you would express—the comforting words you would try to say. But I need all my strength to bear what has come, and I must not waste it in unavailing distress. Do not think light of the Druit prophecy. You see that it is all true."

And with this, she closed the window, and vanished. And Humphrey Ross said, also, "She is changed! she is not herself!" as he walked away down the street.

He was half way down the street before he remembered that he had left his horse in the Poinson stable, and it was brought to mind by seeing the party riding slowly home, having evidently abandoned the chase.

They all paused to make anxious inquiries, and heard from him the confirmation of the melancholy rumor.

"Poor child! poor child!" said Mrs. Inchbail, sorrowfully. "She was left entirely alone?"

"No relative nearer than her uncle and his wife," said Colonel May Winter. "The only other child died abroad."

"They are not thought Americans, for all Miss Poinson's beauty and talent," Mr. Schlosser, lily beating with his riding-whip on the saddle while he spoke. "I think some of you told me the young lady was born in England."

"O yes; they were genuine English people. Which of them first brought the child over, they came here to settle," returned she.

"It is rather peculiar she should so soon forget her native land," said Colonel me of being a foreigner, so warmly as though she herself were a native American," observed Mrs. Inchbail.

"She will not lack for wealth," commented another of the party. "Mr. Poinson must have been a man of great riches, and he and the business he and his brother established has been extremely successful."

"But to be so alone!" repeated Mrs. Inchbail, drearily.

"She has friends enough everywhere she is known, and this may lead to a decision among her numerous suitors," answered May, glancing towards Rosa Damon, who had hid her face, and colored slightly.

"I wonder if she would object to seeing me?" said Mrs. Inchbail, impelled to go, and try to comfort her," questioned Mrs. Inchbail.

"She has refused all visitors," spoke up Humphrey, with a sudden resolve, and rising, as he broke up the conference.

In a moment more, however, he heard the slow stepping of hoofs behind him. Mr. Schlosser had wheeled around, and was walking his horse, to keep pace with his steps.

"I am going your way," he said, apologetically, "and I always choose company when I can get it."

Humphrey Ross secretly differed from the rule, but made no outward objection.

"I could not bear to hear the careless talk of the others," continued Mr. Schlosser, meditatively. "It jarred so with my thoughts. This world brings us a thrilling, bitter experience sometimes. It is more than we can do to stand up under them, somehow. Poor child! Poor, poor, sweet is the grief of that young, tender creature!"

Humphrey was silent, though he sighed.

"I have a theory," he said, "that a sorrow should come forward, to strengthen, support, comfort. Is there any such for her, poor girl, Mr. Ross?"

"No," answer, bright eyes was full on his face, and somehow forced a reply, though Humphrey Ross was both proud and haughty.

"You can judge for yourself, sir. Winifred is sweet, and pure, and beautiful enough to win love's homage, if she were made of stone; and quite aside from the mercenary admiration, her large fortune would attract suitors. I think you might count up twenty, right in this neighborhood, who would hazard anything and everything to win her favor."

"Ah yes, indeed," said he. But my meaning went beyond. I asked if there was any accepted suitor," persisted the whisky-loving gentleman.

"I have never heard of one," was extorted from Humphrey.

"Then lists then are open. No one has a right to challenge a new aspirant for the prize?"

A passionate, angry glance was the reply. Smith Schlosser turned in order, and laughed.

"Young man," said he, "you have been telling me about others, and I am asking concerning yourself."

"And what right have you to ask so impertinent a question?" demanded Humphrey, hotly.

"The right of one honorably desirous of learning if a fair pathway is before him. The girl's grace and beauty have not touched one half so impressively as her fresh, enthusiastic nature. She is the one woman who can charm a world-wearied heart like mine. I ask if you have a right to want me off one way. 'Come not hither; this fair blossom is for me alone?' If not, it is man-fashion for me to say that I enter the lists as your rival—for it is plain enough to see you love her."

"I do," said Humphrey Ross, in a quivering voice, "I am proud to acknowledge it. I love her as well and better than my life, and all the rest of the world."

Smith Schlosser read the passion which shook the tone as well as the vigorous young frame, and smiled, half in compassion, half in scorn.

"My friend," he said, "I understand. I was once as young as you."

"One would suppose you an octogenarian now," sneered Humphrey, desperately angry, though he scarcely knew why.

"Experience sometimes does more than years," said the other, sententiously.

"And I suppose you mean that same superior experience qualifies that vaunted world knowledge, will give you the victory here," purposed Humphrey. "But I warn you, I shall not avail you in this case. Winifred Poinson is too pure and true-hearted, too sensitive to the slightest shade of evil, to be won by you. And the slightest shade of evil, be it about me or you, even if it were not so, I should not avail you. I will fight against it with all my power, and not so much, I will fight against it in your way, not to woo her for you. Now I have spoken my mind freely." And the young man reined his head, and flushed his forest, defiant, proud face, while he haughtily fixed eyes upon him.

A low, musical laugh rippled from beneath the drag moustache.

"What a desperate fellow! Pooh! pooh, but it is more serious than you imagine. I'll be bound, a twelvemonth will see you happy as a king in some fair Rosalinda's arms, and this little story will have been my joke for a whole season without disturbing you in the least."

But the bitterness of the tone was more stinging than the words. Humphrey glared at him in speechless rage a moment ere he was able to articulate.

"In this way," he said, "I will show you, sir, that I am not a boy. Do you think I have been through fire and hurtling lead, not to have learned something about the tactics in attack as well as defence? Please, youngster! it is a fair fight, and he wins who has the best weapons in his hands."

"And that shall not be you," said Humphrey Ross, through his set teeth.

Smith Schlosser laughed carelessly and contemptuously, as he touched the whip to his horse, and, with a mocking bow, rode on.

"I'll not be cheated out of her," muttered Humphrey. But his attention was diverted at the moment by the approach of a rapid, happy figure, whose every step shrides over the ground. The man just glanced at the horseman, and hurried toward Humphrey Ross.

"Is that you, Mr. Ross? Please, can you tell me if it is true, what I've just heard. Marcelle Heaton? I can't believe it. Is that what Miss Poinson is to have?"

"The true, Jem. He is dead," answered Humphrey, hastily, coming out of his angry mood.

"Dead! Why I saw him only—Goodness, Miss White, brushing back the mass of damp, grizzled hair with a hard, sooty hand, and looking like a man who has been in a great hurry.

"Yes, it is a terribly sudden thing. We are searching in vain to notify relatives. Think how overwhelming it must be to his daughter!"

"Well, well, well! Things happen mighty queer in this world," muttered honest Jem White, standing stock still in the road, and looking down into the dust, from which he was shuffling his feet. "I was talking with him but night, only last night," he repeated, an awed tremor creeping into his voice; "and now he's dead as any one. Well, well! One's son is right. We'd ought'er, all hands of us, set our affairs in order. There's no knowing when the call's coming. Matthew Poinson dead!" Then in a moment he added, dismally, "And I suppose he didn't leave nothin' for a single one? There was no message left?"

"He lived until his daughter came. I understood that he talked with her some time. I know he died with Winifred alone in the room with him."

"Then he left her all his money, I s'pose."

"O, I can't be too thankful for that!" he said, and then was silent a long time.

Jem White knew from wise stock with the expression on the man's face, although he could not analyze it.

"Why, Jem, did you have any special business with Mr. Poinson?" he asked.

"I always had the shoeing of his horses, and he was a good patron. He didn't drink—that some custom now, for a young woman all alone went need that stable filled as he does. He had more work for a man to get to give me, and I'd a little job on hand for him. I wonder if she will know anything about it. Well, I ought to go back, and I guess I'll go down there."

"O no, Jem. You mustn't trouble the young lady now with trivial affairs. She can't be thinking of such things. Wait till Mr. Ralph Poinson comes down from the city, and he will see to it."

"O, well, it is of no consequence now. But I should like to look just once more on Matthew Poinson's face. Will they have a public funeral, think you?"

"I can't say, but there is no question about all those neighbors who had a kindly interest in his being allowed to see him in his coffin. It is too soon now to know definitely about the arrangement."

While these two were talking, Swithin Schlosser let loose turning questioning glances backward. His secretary must have been keenly aroused, for he presently wheeled his horse round, and walked him slowly, all the while eyeing sharply the straight, spare figure of Jem White.

"Who's that fello e?" asked Jem, becoming aware of the man's scrutiny.

"A German staying in the neighborhood. Hold hotter take himself back to the fatherland," answered Humphrey, shortly, turning his head away, as if unaware of the equestrian's approach.

Mr. Schlosser saw the movement, and scolding, as if in amusement, checked the animal.

"I say, my man, you carry yourself like a soldier. Where have you served?" called he, looking directly into Jem White's face.

The latter gave a nervous start, despite his off-set, and Swithin Schlosser's lip curled in still more triumphant satisfaction.

Jem recovered himself in a moment, and answered, gruffly:

"I was a blacksmith. Does your horse want shoeing?"

"Not to-day; but when he does I shall be sure to hunt you up. Did you say you had never served as a soldier?"

"Uncle Sam doesn't pay well enough for the dull life he gives his troops, and I never enlisted under the stars and stripes."

"No, I didn't think you had," returned the gentleman, stroking the glossy black mane of his horse, but with his eye full upon Jem's face. "You haven't the air of this country. A fatherland, rather, you know something about her ought to serve us."

"I don't know as it concerns me much what other people farther, returned Jem, as coolly as he might, even within so wise a gentleman's conternation.

"Is he the evil one himself? What will he be saying next?"

"Well, no, I dare say not. It doesn't help matters, you know, even if you do turn. Cross-questioning is the way one's taught. It struck me, oddly enough, as I saw you walking along, that you had just the gait of this sort of low-lying district—this country, which I saw in service in India's plist, nine—why, yes, actually ten years ago."

"Is she devil himself," mentally soliloquized Jem White, and faced about, so that the blank look he could not keep from his face might not be observed. If he imagined it escaped that cold, bright eye, he was mistaken.

Swithin Schlosser gathered up the loosely-falling rein, smiled again that strange smile of his, and rode on slowly.

"Ho, ho! new developments! So that bit of a clue led me correctly. I wonder if the proud Mrs. Inchbald got a similar suggestion, that she is here like-wise. I am safe from recognition; that is positive. I need see the puzzled look on her face. She tried her best to recall when and where she could have seen me, and the more she tried the further she was from making any conclusion. And yet, I imagine, I had my turn the screw a little more tightly, if it suits my purpose. So my fine madam has her lovers at last—something she adds zest and entertainment to the whole affair."

Thus ran his thoughts.

CHAPTER IV

HUMPHREY ROSS and Jem White the blacksmith took leave of each other at the foot of the highway, both with their faces turned from the Police-station and set house-ward; but the former an hour afterward they both met again at the avenue gate, each looking a little disturbed as he perceived the other.

"I came to look after my horse," explained the young man.

"I thought I would see if any of 'em knew about my work," summered Jem, and hurried away.

Humphrey went into the house to learn if the city relatives had yet arrived. Elsie Damon's less face and cordial-wise curls peered over the carved balustrade of the upper landing, watching all comers. She came down, tiptoeing all the way as she recognized the visitor.

"You wish to see Miss Poinson," said she, shaking her head, and consequently the curls, in what she believed a very arch and girlish fashion. "Well, to be sure, it is natural. But she is a Poinson, after all, and has her queer ways. No one is to be admitted, you see. But here comes Jem White the blacksmith, and sends words to know if he's to keep on with some work the master gave him. And she says your horse is there, 'Jem White, Jem White,' and goes straight down to see him, and stays half an hour talking with him. But all the rest of her own friends are denied. That's queer, I say."

"Miss Poins n knows what is best for her calmness, and whatever decision she makes will be right and proper, you may be sure of that," replied the young man, emphatically, with what was meant for a withering glance.

Yet after he had left and was riding home, the circumstance recurred to him, and he could not deny that it had a singular aspect, and taken in connection with Jem White's significant looks rather annoyed and puzzled him. He was thankful to hear, that evening, that the urgent trunk brought Mr. Ralph Poinson and his wife. It somehow seemed to take a little responsibility off from himself, for since Swithin Schlosser's declaration, he had carried around a awful vision of a deadly serpent charming to its ruin an innocent dove.

"Mr. Ralph Poinson will keep good guard against foreign interlopers," he murmured, "and Mrs. Poinson will comfort the poor, distracted woman can. My poor, sorrowful, stricken darling! it only I could have all her sorrow!" ejaculated he.

Yet still he could not overcome the restlessness which haunted him, and presently, when every one in the family's house was fast asleep he rose from the couch upon which he had thrown himself without removing his clothing, took his hat and a light cloak and stole out into the clear starlight night, and without a single vacillating movement his feet took the street leading to the Poinson mansion. He was nervously sensitive to the slightest sound, and shrank into the shade of the shrubbery on the roadside, when a firm step came from behind him.

There was no mistaking that cross, military air. What was Swithin Schlosser, the German traveller, doing here at the gateway of the Poinson mansion? Had he, too, been called out by some stranger, mysterious thrill? Poor Humphrey Ross felt his heart sink with a cold dread, and then rebound fiercely. He should not win, but whoever else should stand a successful rival in the church Humphrey Ross would fight him every inch of the way. He said this over to himself with his teeth set, and his hands clenched, and so desperately in earnest, this honest-hearted lad, and it still sent the angry warmth to his face to think of the fellow's insolent allusion to his youth and inexperience, his seeming declaration of the right of a riper suitor of his love for Winifred Inchbald. Most of all, it angered him to know how powerful such evil weapons, as this elegant and fascinating stranger had in his grasp, and how he might be to win the one prize for which he longed a way from him.

Humphrey Ross stood there in the shadow, half-fuming with unavailing rage, while this latter, walking in that light, unsullenly graceful and easy gait of his, was strangely audibly soliloquizing:

"So at last capricious Fortune smiles upon me. Nothing could be more fortunate than the way in which the dear old lady recommences here to-night. What I have discovered is the magic thread which will guide me to the whole mystery. Bravo! the rest is easy enough."

Humphrey Ross followed him to the house at which he was a guest, and then returned to his own home, little dreaming that he had been just one hour too late to prevent the death, of those nearest and dearest, he was entirely ignorant, but of which he had yet received vague torebodings.

The whole family had slept until only a scene of profound quiet and peacefulness, a darkened house, and moonlit greenery lying in the solemn stillness of midnight, Swithin Schlosser, from his secure covert under the larch hedge, had watched a quiet figure glide out from the side door of the house, cross the avenue to the gate, where another figure joined it, and the two went stealthily and hurriedly down the street, crossing the fields, and taking a short footpath which led away to the lonely lane where Jem White's smithy was situated.

Carefully concealing his proximity, although they were too anxious and hurried in their own movements to observe him, he followed them, this curious stranger had followed step by step, and he was there, close enough to see and hear when the two paused around the smithy, went to the door of the little cottage house in which it was understood that Jem White kept bachelor's hall, and by low, brief peculiar knocks at the door, which, in a moment after, was unclosed by some one bearing a lamp, were admitted.

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Swithin Schlosser just the information he desired; for it showed him the pallid, agitated face of Winifred Inchbald, the rough and swarthy features of Jem White, and something still beyond—the quick, sharp eye did not fail in a note that the latter which held the lamp was of another sort from the brawny, hirsuted manner of Jem White. It was delicately shaped, almost womanly white, and on one finger flamed a genuine diamond, which sent its treacherous spark of light out into the darkness, and was noticed for the secret watcher just the suggestion he had longed to see established.

All this Swithin Schlosser discovered, while Humphrey Ross was trying vainly to silence the uneasy premonitions of manchief which would not let him sleep.

The door closed in a moment, and left him only the blank wall of the cottage, the drooping leaves of the lilac bushes that were near sky above, but the silent observer from the smithy corner guessed accurately the course of the secret visitors, and hurried into the temporarily deserted, but now lighted cottage.

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"Mr. Bentinck will meet with no indulgence at my hands because of his expectations, sir," replied Valentine. "The heir, you know, so long as he is a child, differeth in nothing from a servant."

"Ay, that's all very well; but it does not supply to the hair of such an estate as this; and besides, Ben is not a child. Mr. Blake, sir"—here the old man's voice changed to pleading tones—"I must have no secrets from you. Your reference are so unimpeachable—and from persons of such good position—that I am sure I may confide in your honor; and Valentine," added he, naively, "you cannot but find it out for yourself before you've been a week in the house. My son is a man in every thing in which it behoves him to be a child, and a baby only in those things in which he should have arrived at years of discretion. His extravagance is unbounded; his love for low company, his passion for physical violence, are some thing you can scarcely know. Who the devil he gets it from is a marvel to me. Mrs. Woodford, sir, is a most inoffensive person, and the first cousin, by consanguinity, of the present head of the Ballycloncoolbeen. Upon the other hand, he exhibits a trace of the commercial sagacity that has enabled me to double the fortune left me by my late father. Sir, you will have to teach him compound long division."

The two, who had been hitherto walking on the high-road, now turned into the secluded avenue that drive that led towards the Hall.

"Look here!" continued the old man, with angry vehemence, pointing to a wide-spreading tree by the wayside, "he was picked up, only last night, under yonder tree. He could not get home from the Fair of Ballyknockan. A few feet short of it, he would have fallen on the turnpike-road, and perhaps been run over by the carrier's cart before morning. Think of him as invaluable as his being placed in such peril through vicious impulsence! I doubt whether any human being, since this world was built, has been so vexed and worried with an only son as I have been. Any one that would cut off such a scapegrace for a shilling, without the least hesitation; but, sir, I can't do it, so much of the property being strictly entailed. If anything were to happen to Ben, I could make the Woodford estate goes to another branch of the family; to persons most distant related to me, and that's unworthy of it. I make no apology for saying this; it is necessary, Mr. Blake, that you should be aware of the tremendous nature of responsibilities. Here is a boy, connected upon one side with the best blood in Great Britain—what is called the blood, I should say by those who are earnest in such matters—and on the other, with a representative man, if I may say so, of that class which has raised Ireland to the present elevation among nations; and yet, what is the hat himself? a brother, a son,—but knave is the noble sense. He sets all the laws of humanity at bay; he'd have even more sloopy than I do; but her intolerable training have led to repress all inferior outwardly

"He shall be pleased to receive communications from brethren in all parts of the world."

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts held its annual communication for the election of officers at the Masonic Temple, on the afternoon of December 11th, and made choice of the following named brethren for grand officers for the ensuing year:

C. C. Dame, of Newburyport, *Grand Master.*
Wm. F. Selman, of Lowell *Sr. Warden.*
George H. Taber, of New Bedford, *Jr. Warden.*
John McClellan, of Boston, *Treasurer.*
John Thornton, of Boston, *Recording Secretary*, in place of Charles W. Moore, who has held the office for so many years, and was a candidate for re-election, but was badly defeated by our esteemed Brother Thornton, who is just the person for the place. Mr. Thornton is a gentleman by education and birth, and will treat all with courtesy.
William Sutton, Sereno D. Nickerson, P. M. Everett, John T. Heard, Winslow Lewis, *Board of Directors.*
Sereno D. Nickerson, Samuel P. Oliver, Wm. D. Coolidge, *Auditing Committee.*

HUGH DE PAYENS ENCAMPMENT.

Hugh de Payens Encampment of Knights Templar, one of the best Commanderies in the State, has elected the following Sir Knights to office for the ensuing year:

Sir F. J. Fuss, *Grand Commander.*
Sir Eugene L. Norton, *Generalissimo.*
Sir William Grammer, *Cap. Gen'l.*
Rev. Sir J. W. F. Barnes, *Prelate.*
Sir J. B. Norton, *Sr. Warden.*
Sir Osgood W. Upham, *Jr. Warden.*
Sir Moses Patee, *Treasurer.*
Sir H. H. Holbrook, *Recorder.*
Sir F. C. Taylor, *Sword Bearer.*
Sir C. C. Dyke, *Standard Bearer.*
Sir George F. Clapp, *Warder.*

GRAND COUNCIL OF S. AND R. MASTERS.

The annual meeting of the Grand Council of Select and Royal Masters of Massachusetts was held on the 11 h ult., in the new Masonic Temple, when the following named were elected and installed as officers for the ensuing year:

Charles Edward Powers, of Boston, *M. P. G. M.*
William A. Smith, of Worcester, *R. P. G. M.*
P. V. Finch, of Greenfield, *P. G. M. of the West.*
Alfred F. Chapman, of Boston, *P. M. of Ceremonies.*
John McClellan, of Boston, *G. M. of Exchequer.*
Solon Thornton, of Boston, *G. Recorder.*
Charles H. Norris, of Salem, *G. C. of the Guard.*
James M. Porter, of Springfield, *Grand Conductor.*

OFFICERS OF REVERE LODGE.

At the annual communication of Revere Lodge, at the Temple, the following officers were elected:

George T. Ambrose, *Master.*
Marlborough Williams, *S. Warden.*
Charles H. Bolles, *J Warden.*
John McClellan, *Treasurer.*
W. W. Baker, *Secretary.*
Samuel Wells, *Jr., S. Deacon.*
J. J. Goodrich, *J. Deacon.*
J. D. Mason, *S. Steward.*
W. B. Cook, *J. Steward.*
J. H. Pierce, *Chaplain.*
P. A. Pierce, *Marshal.*
Seth T. Ireno, *Inside Sentinel.*
George H. Pike, *Tiler.*

St. Paul's Lodge, South Boston.—St. Paul's Lodge, South Boston, made choice of its officers, last week, as follows:

Parker C. Burbank, *W. Master.*
Alfred Smith, *S. W.*
F. G. Wallwright, *J. W.*
Josiah Denham, *Treasurer.*
Horace Smith, *Secretary.*

GRAND LODGE OF ILLINOIS.

The following is a list of the officers of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, recently elected and installed:

M. W. J. R. Goltz, Decatur, *Grand Master.*
R. W. Charles Fisher, Springfield, *G. G. Master.*
R. W. D. C. Cregier, Chicago, *S. G. Warden.*
R. W. James A. Hawley, Dixon, *J. G Warden.*
R. W. Harmon Dills, Quincy, *Grand Treasurer.*
R. W. H. G. Reynolds, Springfield, *G. Secretary.*
R. W. and Rev. D. P. Brant, Decatur, *G. Chaplain.*
R. W. Newton Bateman, Springfield, *G. Orator.*
R. W. John P. Ferns, Chicago, *G. Tiler.*

APPOINTED OFFICERS.

W. John C. Reynolds, Springfield, *D. G. Secretary.*
W. Charles Spalding, Peoria, *G. Par.*
W. J. A. G. Bagby, Hoiseville, *G. Mar.*
W. George E Lounsbery, Mound City, *S. G. D.*
W. D. A. Cushman, Chicago, *J. G. D.*
W. I. S. Blackwelder, Hillsboro, *G. St. B*
W. J. G Callender, Lawrence, *G. Sw. B*
W. G. N. Stidwell, Springfield, *Grand Steward.*
W. R. D. Laurance, Springfield, *G. Steward.*

THE NEW SECRETARY.

It will be seen by our notice of the late election of officers to the Grand Lodge, that W. Bro. Solon Thornton has been elected to the position of Grand Recording Secretary, in place of Bro. Charles W. Moore. The selection is an excellent one. Bro. Thornton possesses all the qualities requisite for the important position for which he has been elected. Called constantly to confer with members of the Order, in Boston and vicinity, and from other parts of the State, it is necessary that one filling the place should possess a gentlemanly courtesy and suavity, and a willingness to convey such information as may be desired at his hands, and in these qualifications Bro. Thornton excels. His departments naturally urbane and kind, this having been proved in the numerous penmanship positions to which the regard of his brethren in the past has elected him, and he brings to this new position an intelligence inferior to none in the Order, and of his willingness to impart it none can doubt who have been under his instruction in time past, who can bear testimony to the patient kindness that has ever distinguished him. His election to the office was entirely unsolicited, and his large majority he received attests to the estimation in which he is held by the Fraternity. His election by the Grand Lodge is an augury of honest times to come, and we are assured that all the duties incumbent on him will be discharged in the most scrupulous manner. As a Mason, he has compassed all of the mysteries of the art, having no superior within the range of our acquaintance. Thoroughly versed in all the technicalities of his profession, he possesses, besides the cheerful and genial spirit, which will endear him to all, a calm and a much out of the pale of true Masonry as is the form of a creed devoid of Heaven, his tilting equipment shall be unstrung, and his pen dix "Grand" given to him or his position will not be misapplied. He also fills the stations of Grand Treasurer of the Grand Encampment, Grand Recorder of Royal and Select Masters, Secretary of St. John's Lodge, and has in the past filled the position of Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter, Master of St. John's Lodge, and officers in the consistory degrees as he up that we can follow him, as many of these he has proved worthy and well qualified, and has rendered a satisfaction that has elevated him in the records of the past placed him in the Secretary's chair. We can only congratulate the Grand Lodge upon their choice, assured that they have placed the right man in the right place.

COLORED MASONS.

The following letter from our esteemed contributor "Inquirer" is of the same tenor as one previously published by us, and we give the perusal to the world in the hope that it will afford a little more insight into the fraternity as to the expediency of admitting this great humanitarian work among colored Masons, as we did with all the Christian and moral graces, but more than a century of experience has fully demonstrated that otherwise everyone before he can be made acceptable to a large majority of the Masonic fraternity. If there is much or no objection being in the Lodge with him, for any reason, as our correspondent suggests, he should not be taken. The Lodge is not a public institution, but a select community, and no one member should be compelled to a companionship at which he should object, or desire to be rejected. In a case like the following, where a worthy man is put in a very awkward position. He should have been informed of his full privileges, and duly acted on the possible trouble. There is trouble ahead, we fear, from this desire on the part of some to force the colored man into places he perhaps would not naturally seek, as in this of Masonry, and if he is made a source of discord, it will almost echo the echo of the wish of O. C. Kerr's "General of the Mackerel Brigade," that "the negro may be thrown out of the ranks." If he be so sudden an innovation, and though it may eventually happen, it will be by the slow degree that has ever kept for the assimilation of an oak tree. Colored people, however, are recognized as Masons, in other countries, and we think may be unfortunate in having their likes on the subject; but as things are they must remain until we outgrow them. In the meantime, what must be done with Brother Smith?

BROTHER EDITOR,—I am at a loss to know how the Editor of the Freemason's Magazine can take the position he has taken in his last number, in regard to the admission of negroes or mulattoes into the order of Freemasonry. I like to see consistency, and if it is proper to admit them, why then let them be admitted. Now in Brother Moore's Magazine of August, 1853, in an article upon negro Lodges, and the admission of negroes into the degrees of Freemasonry, in the following:

In 1845 6 a mulatto born of a Cherokee mother, and, therefore free born, was admitted as a visitor into a Lodge in Chicago. What was the consequence? The Lodges in the State rose almost en masse against it, and their Grand Master, who was supposed to favor the admission, and though he was relinquished by remonstrated at any immediate agency in the matter, it cost him his influence among the brethren. The Grand Lodge of Illinois took the case in hand, and so far from treating it as a question of "expediency," passed this stringent resolution against the act: "That this Grand Lodge is unqualifiedly opposed to the admission of negroes or mulattoes into Lodge under this jurisdiction." And the violation of the rule was to be met by a forfeiture of the Charter of the Abomination Lodge which allowed of such visitation. The language of the committee, to whom was referred the subject in Grand Lodge, was as follows: "The Author of all has placed a distinguishing mark upon them (negroes), clearly indicating that there was a distinction which he does not wish to be repulsive to the finest feelings of the heart, to think that between them and us there can be a mutual reciprocity of all social privileges." After this quotation, if the editor did not fully agree with the stand taken by the Grand Lodge of Illinois, and endorse the resolution of the committee, he would not have added, which he does himself in the last sentence: "How can our brother hold that this Grand Lodge, in the course pursued on the occasion, was guilty of wrong?" And in further proof that he agreed with the brother who sent him the communication (which was in relation to the admission of negroes and of negro Lodges), he concurs in the complaint of his correspondent that a negro was admitted into a Lodge in Illinois, in 1852, he says, "admit the fact, and what does it prove? Simply that the Lodge violated an edict of its Grand Lodge, and is accordingly forfeited its charter." And further says, "This visitor had probably so much white blood in him that he could pass, and his ingress upon those Lodges, or the officers were exceedingly stupid, and too ignorant of their duty to be longer entrusted with their offices." In answering this correspondent's remarks in regard to his opposition to negro Lodges, and the admission of negroes, he says: "There is no instance of opinion between us and our brother on the main question; and should the time ever come when it should be necessary to protect (the admission of negroes) it, he will find us by his side."

Not long ago St. Andrew's Lodge, of this city, made a Mason of one, who, according to Brother Moore's account, is in the same position as the one who entered Revere Lodges in Chicago, and which called forth the edict aforementioned from their Grand Lodge. We assert that the most colored individuals are free born (so was the visitor at Chicago), and says it is a mere matter of taste, and does not violate any of the ancient landmarks. What is the reason for this reversion of judgment in these two parallel cases? I say that in saying anything we could I or I would against the respectable individual who has been referred to; I have known him a long time, and have found him possessed of a kind and upright man, and a good citizen. But are these all the qualifications that are required to fit an individual who is to associate with me? Must he not be one with whom we can readily fraternize, and must as a companion be equally intercourse? And here we are to preserve that harmony so essential to our prosperity between the brethren of one Lodge or State, many of whom would not admit this person into their Lodges should he apply as a visitor, and very likely prescribe those who lacked from the Lodge who initiated him. I know I may be met with the answer, "I will them reject, why should we a curse?" Perhaps I will not reject him, but for harmony's sake in the fraternity; but when that harmony is of so much importance as to allow any member of a Lodge to object to the visit of a brother with whom he does not desire to associate, and though the Lodge may contain one member besides those who do not object, still that member cannot be unseated, and the visitor cannot be admitted.

Again, I would say, that this fight has this Lodge to make a brother of one whom they will not admit to fellowship or membership with them? He has received his degrees, and is held such a member in the Masonic fraternity. He cannot visit the colored Lodges here, for our Grand Lodge do not acknowledge them, he, therefore, by our constitutions cannot visit them. What Lodge will give him membership? Would he ask it? Would he do for? If he does not connect himself with a Lodge he is debarred from many of the rights and privileges of a brother. Order and discipline in Lodges and others, a right to be a general visitor at Lodges, or to walk in Masonic processions, are among the Masonic liberal. Here, then, is a brother sent adrift into the fraternity, who, if he cannot obtain membership in a Lodge (and what Lodge will admit him, if the one who initiated him will not?); must be a wanderer and an outcast among them; and if he should be admitted as a visitor, he must pay the tax levied by the Grand Lodge on non-affiliated brethren every time he visits a Lodge. Are politics creeping into our Lodges? They have crept into our politics, and may they not next attempt the Lodge room?

I would like to hear from some older and better informed Mason on this subject, as my whole desire is for the right light. And I would like to be informed by my older brethren, if his action of one of our sublime Master is in strict keeping with the principles of our Institution?

INQUIRER.

A QUESTION.

A correspondent in Manhattan, Kansas, propounds the following question: "In case a candidate has been duly elected to take the three degrees in Masonry, and, before receiving the first degree, something is discovered regarding him, by many of the brethren, of an unsatisfactory character, shall the W. M. order a new election, or shall the candidate be admitted to the Lodge?"

The author is entirely under the control of the Master, and it is a wise rule that it should be so; for committees are fallible, and have in many cases but limited means of ascertaining the real characters of a candidate, therefore it is that members are called upon to know if they have aught for or against one, when his name is presented. Even though elected, the right remains with the Master to withhold the degrees. We have known three candidates to be suspended in this manner, at one communication, and decided their degrees, after being elected to them, the matter having received sufficient information to warrant it. In some jurisdictions, the candidate is elected to each degree separately, which is the safest way. A bad man should not be allowed to cause in, knowing him to be such, though he were ten times elected. The ordering of a new election, though not essential, would result in more efficiently preventing the candidate's entering the Order elsewhere.

THE MASON'S WIFE.

She extendeth her hand to the poor,
The widow's tears she stays;
The father she seeks to restore,
And soothes the afflicted to peace;
She strengthens the penitent mind,
So meekly to yield to despair
Every burden she seeks to unbind,
Relieving from sorrow and care.

In her hourly the naked are clad,
The hungry are furnished with food—
The sick at her presence are glad,
She visits the widow's abode.
The virtuous exult in her smile,
The ignorant learn to be wise,
Her reproofs are like excellent oil,
Which fails not from year to year.

Her words, as the Wise Man declares,
Will the slower rebuke be taken;
Her counsels, her deeds and her prayers
Are better than silver or gold.
If such is the outfit of those
Who are leadening the lost to reclaim,
Ah, who can find no reference,
Or fail to speak well of their name?

JURI-PRUDENCE OF THE ORDER.

Masonic law has little of the republican or democratic spirit about it. All its greater principles, termed in Masonic parlance the landmarks, and the minor details of its governmental polity, are provided to our hands, as they were provided to our fathers' hands by the Ancient Grand Masters and publication of the Order. Of all the wretched theories into which even some learned in the economy of Masonry have been misled, none have been so pernicious in their results as that assumption which places the power of the Grand Lodge of Masonic government in the *consent of the governed.* This error strikes a blow to the very base of Masonic government, and if carried out would rest a wrong men, *the inviolable sanctity of law.* It substitutes popular caprice for the established rule of right, and perhaps it is not too much to add, in view of the high and mighty purpose for which the Masonic institution was organized, *the sacredness of truth.* It writes upon the sand of the wave-washed sea-shore the laws which ought to be graved on the rock of eternal justice.

FREEMASONRY AND PEACE.

Amid all the strife which has pandered communities to the ravages of war, Freemasonry has ran and deluged the world in blood, Freemasonry has been to the explorers of tranquil repose. It has been for the people—the highest people, the lowest people, for all the people alike—as were under the tongue of good report. If oil it not be seen so, our abscissa would have turned from it as disheartening to their closing gaze behind the spheroid fireside of the sun, and who pruned the mighty floods from the bolster of his head. The wreaths of multitudes of societies, which have enjoyed the popular favor for a season, and floated for a time upon the mercurial sea of opinion, since the beginning of time, have foundered in the stor s of discord, and went down in the ocean of contention; but the bark in which the fortunes of the Order were placed has outrode the hurricanes, sailed the borders of whirlpools, and, to day, without a sail to her mast, a rudder to her helm, a split sail, or a broken cord, she "rides the waters like a thing of life," floats her flag over myriads of subjects of her chart in her helm and cordage; and we believe she is destined to bathe the wind and the wave for all time and transport to come, and we trust in God her true holiday splendor when the Angel of Doom blows the judgment trump, and "the last thunder shakes the world below."

LAYING A CORNER STONE.—In Richmond, Va., on the 23d of December, the Grand Lodge of Virginia laid the corner-stone for a new Masonic Temple. We are glad to know that our Virginia brethren can afford it.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND RUIN.

Since the rage for dress and finery set in—this extravagance became a womanly beauty, and to live beyond one's means a social requirement—since the loan and the mortgage have taken the place of birth and refinement, and the mongrel vulgarian is ensured higher than the penniless aristocrat—since women have been ranked by what they wear and not by what they are, and a becoming toilet is accounted equal to a personal grace—since none but a devotee dare to be simple, none but a remnant of the farthest dare to hold themselves aloof from luxury and fashion—mere families have been ruined than has ever been known before, and the boasted happiness of many a home is but fattening a table and a myth.

HOPES OF YOUTH.

BY R. F. SHILLAKER.

Lost hopes of youth! we sigh with sorrowing heart,
As plaster, gathered in the years, will crack,
Fate to our gaze in manhood's dizzying sun,
As stars fade out when the bright day comes,
The future's sky with light was curtained round,
And fair, yet dim figures hung the distant bound
With enchantment's mantle, popular lie,
The gorgeous tapestry of upper air.
Here dawned unwrinkled the maid that wound along
Beside still waters, where the gay bird's song
Was there thrilling echoes all the livelong day,
And beckoning plenty called the soul away
To scenes twilight with perennial eyes,
That dazzled while they satisfied the eyes,—
Leading shit eagerly, and the ingrained sense
Lured to the future with a joy intense,
Drinking its music, as the bee the flowers,
Prospectively through all life's vernal hours.

Lost hopes of youth! we sigh, as fade from view
Those golden promises we dreamed so true
In the sweet sunrise of our opening years,
And, as they vanish, fling with a veil of tears
Wo hardward look, and murmur at their flight
In the deep gloom of disappointment's night!

And were they fancies all? May it not be
That youth's clear vision, fraught with prophecy,
Seen in the future glories that await
For souls in his regenerate estate,
And that, when sin's obscuring vapors roll,
Hiding the normal scenes of the veil,
Short-judging Nature mourns the hopes last fled,
And deems their cherished promises dead?
May it not be that all the clouds will fly,
And other visions rare more greet the eye,
Which, only lifted from the earth-dimmed view,
May break upon our raptured sight anew,
And the bright hopes which crowned youth's early days
Be realized in ripened manhood's gaze?

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

AUNT EMORY'S EXPERIMENT.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

HELEN and Annette Marsh, busy with their fancywork, were discussing a party soon to be given, to which they had received invitations. "I wish my aunt Emory, or rather aunt Mary, who had come in for a call, while, curled up on a window-seat, little Ned and Fred, were playing, "could be lastly stricken away at some theory for one of her odd sisters. Fanny was but sixteen, quite too young to wear society her mother and sisters were, beside which they believed, and made no secret of their belief, that she had not possessed sufficient personal attractive ever to be a credit to the family. So, while the others, during the season, dissipated in a round of festivities, finished off, in the summer, with a month at the fashionable watering-places, quiet little Fanny were the pleasure of nature, and remained, during all the hot weather, beneath the family roof, under the charge of the housekeeper. It was rather a tiresome life for her, truly; she saw no one, read nowhere, and did—a good deal. But for little Fanny—the more's the pity—dissatisfied early to develop a decided talent for sewing: ruffling, stitching, embroidering, she could do them all and many beside, as if by instinct. Of this gift her family were not slow to avail themselves; and as Fanny, who was as quick at her book as with her needle, was, intellectually, far in advance of other girls four or five years her senior, at sixteen those same competent judges pronounced her education complete, and took her from school to be presented in the office of seamstress-general.

Not to be too hard on them, it was really little choice that Fanny had. Sewing gave her a stitch in the side, to be sure, but so did boarding over her books; while the former possessed the advantage over the latter, that it did not expose her to contact with others; for the idea of her plainness and being ill-dressed was so deeply impressed on the family, and she shrank nervously from the slightest notice.

No s she sat and seemed to silence, unconscious of the absorbed and meditative gaze bent on her by one of the party. This was her aunt, a childless widow, wealthy and eccentric. For some time she had been studying Fanny's face, while the latter kept her eyes to her work and her ears to the conversation of her sisters. Following Mrs. Emory's gaze, one would see a figure rather tall, thin and stooping, and a face with a sallow complexion, and eyes and features that, for lack of flesh, looked disproportionately large, while the black rippling hair, he circled in its luxuriant waves, lost its effect by being put plainly back into a thick, heavily-meshed net, but concealed it almost as completely as a cap could have done.

As Annette and Helen left the room together, on some mysterious contrivance, Fanny let her work fall in her lap, and clasping her hands over it, gazed abstractedly out at the window. Her aunt still looked at her with unabated interest.

"Fanny, what are you thinking of?" she asked, suddenly.

Fanny started and turned around, a blush on her usually pale cheek, and lifted her large gray eyes to her questioner's face without speaking.

"Tell me the truth, child," persisted the latter.

"Were you envying Helen and Annette their conquest- and flavrios?"

"No—not exactly," she answered, consciously, "but I should like to go to this party."

"Why to this one in particular? Is there any one you want to see there?"

"I should like to dance with Clarence Everbright once before he goes away," answered Fanny, her gray eyes looking full into her aunt's face.

"Ha! Are you two very fond of each other?"

"He has been very kind to me," she answered, innocently. "He showed me how to go through the figures, and said sometime I should dance with him."

There was a pause, during which Fanny returned to her work and her aunt to her reflection. Then the latter said:

"Doesn't all that sewing hurt you sometimes, Fanny?"

"It gives me a pain in the side," acknowledged Fanny.

"A pain in the side? h'm! How would you like to throw it by and go into the country with me?"

"The real country, Aunt Emory?"

"Yes, the real country, with plenty of grass, and flowers, and fresh air, where you can run when you want to and have a pony to ride."

Fanny was listening, eagerly, a flush of delight on her face that, for the moment made it almost pretty. Directly, however, the color faded from her cheeks and the light from her eyes. She took up her work again, saying, dolefully:

"But the rest will never consent to it."

"Leave the rest to me," rejoined Aunt Emory, briskly. "I'll engage to make it all right with them, if you are sure you'll like it."

When the young ladies re-entered, Mrs. Emory began the attack on Fanny.

"Well, girls, you may look out for another seamstress as soon as you like; I am going to take Fanny away."

"What do you mean, Aunt Emory? Take Fanny where?" cried the young ladies, pausing in their first bar of music, waiting, with an indolent curiosity, for an explanation.

"Where? well, that remains yet to be settled between Fanny and me. In the country somewhere. As far away from the dust and heat as I can get, and as near to the country from this forth until—well, never mind."

"Until you get her a husband, I suppose," said Annette, with a significant little laugh, that brought another red tint than that of pleasure to Fanny's cheek.

"Who is talking of husbands?" retorted the old lady. "I'm not relishing, thank you, enough to let her not to think quite so much about husbands. Wait till they come—that was the way when I was a girl. I am going to take Fanny home to me now, and I mean to keep her. You needn't be afraid of its interfering with you and Helen, Annette; my will's made, and I can't undo the clause."

Reassured on this point, Helen took up the unfinished piece of music, while Annette flung herself from the search of her sister-in-law.

Everything being settled by the energetic old lady's supreme efforts, in a short time she departed from the city with Fanny, on the way to the Western home which she had described, for the latter, during the she called a council of one, and set forth her prospective plan of life in a few plain words to Fanny.

"Now, child," she said, "I think that I may soon look her a stitch of sewing until you can stand up straight and show a little color in your cheeks. I wrought you here to grow healthy, and healthy you must grow, if it takes to the day of your death to do it. As for society, little girl, you shall have it by there. A girl who is well will always look well—to sensible people—but I don't tell you so I can't get it. I want you to be healthy. Just ride and romp about as much as you like, and get all the sunshine and fresh air you can, and I promise you all else will come."

Never was advice more literally followed. Fanny, never a beauty, with a girl at heart, revelled in the country pleasures, fairly living out of doors. Before long the natural consequences of such a course began to make themselves apparent.

S passed two years, during which Fanny Marsh had not once visited the city, and Mrs. Emory, believing in the North, did not feel sufficient interest in the absent member to take the journey by which they could have visited her suburban far West. In the meantime, however, letters had come, from time to time, keeping Fanny conversant with the family and its events in her old home. Helen was engaged, and her marriage fixed for no very distant day; Annette still free, although her letters were not wanting in hints of various "conquests" which she had achieved. Latterly, much mention was made of Clarence Everbright, of his return from Europe, of the party which, on his arrival, the Marshes intended to give in his honor, and of various other matters more or less interesting. Over all these Fanny pondered deeply, while Mrs. Emory said not a word.

"Child," she said, at length, "own that you want to be at this wonderful party and meet this incomparable Everbright."

To which Fanny consciously admitted that she would like to do so.

"Then you shall," said her aunt. "That is settled."

And here a sudden flush took possession of the eccentric old lady. She wrote to the Marshes, stating that, as she had occasion to go eastward at that time, she should take the opportunity to accompany a young friend who was travelling thither; moreover, that Fanny was well and need not live here, hoping at no very distant day to see them all once more. Which true but highly provaricating missive being despatched, she set about making preparations for the journey.

When the letter was received in the Marsh household, some one wondered why Fanny did not come, too, in reply to which another suggested that she was to be left in charge of Mrs. Emory's establishment. With that the subject was dismissed.

Meantime Mrs. Emory, with her young friend," was on her way northward. Arriving in New York, she stayed there a few days before going to the city where her relatives resided; and the first announcement which they received of her coming, was the unexpected, personal, early in the evening which was to witness the memorable party.

Her carriage reached the door early, before any of the guests were expected, and, without giving any name, she unceremoniously ordered the drawing-room, where she found the family in festive attire.

"Well," she said, as they started up in surprise, "I am not, young ladies, that I am just in time for your merry-making. How do you do, Henry? Annette, you're quite resplendent. I suppose, now Helen's off the list, you're the one to be complimented. Your mother is busy with some of the necessary toilettes, is she? Well, there's no hurry. I can wait very patiently myself with the sight of your gorgeousness."

"How is Fanny, aunt?" asked Annette, a little stung by something in her aunt's tone, and wishing to revenge herself. "She's not found a husband yet, then, I suppose?"

"A husband! Fanny found a husband?" repeated the old lady, with an amused little laugh. "No, no, she's not found a husband, and sent her love to you all."

"Is she just as she used to be?" asked Helen, with languid curiosity.

"Well, she's healthier," answered Mrs. Emory, with a quiet humor. "That is all you may say now, I think's say that Fanny was absolutely in love with little serene blindness, but only that she remembered that Fanny was fond of her beaming and intimately days. But that's neither here nor there. Speaking of Fanny's wanting to come, reminds me that I've come home from Europe the most elegant and fascinating young man in——, and he has all his uncle's immense property!"

"Indeed!" with a ridiculous exaggeration of Annette's manner. "Well, you know, my dear, I didn't

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

The World in Miniature.

SONG AFTER SUFFER.

Christmas comes but wunns a year;
The ish gooest sloong;
Drinkally-noun tryandrown shores;
Shores stoop! shoopay sun' here,
Oidois on' shroun.
Fear' clam panchrisdy brownwood.
Rush shoopy Christmschimes!
Bilish comin' due,
Joll-y now thun binchy beg or burn;
S pens shere wo rush wurnin' time!
Who's nun tode?
May shrop, you no'd drink brenwarn.

How to pass your Christmsnknight
The sh sh' only way.
Wh ich good brother an' trouble 'bout 'morra?
Goorel' folish you're allright,
Don' gowarn!
See allbuise, buvcigar, more brownwarm.

Sometime ago a boy was run over by a railroad train in Indiana and lost both legs. He sued the company and recovered $10 000 damages. An appeal was taken, and after innumerable delays, the poor boy is glad to compromise for $250, and pay his own costs. We seem to have read somewhere that corporations have no souls.

The Abyssinian expedition has been heard from up to the 31st of October. The exploring party had returned from a mountainous region still more northward, with the cheerful intelligence that there was little water, and that only in wells; that the thermometer ranged at 106, and that the natives lived in huts like beds of torrents, with huge masses of rock on every side. The rebels have shut up Theodore within a very small portion of his kingdom.

A school trustee in West Virginia, who could neither read nor write, was obliged to take a census of the children in his district. He accomplished it by filling a pocket with red and white beans. When he met a boy he put a red bean in a side pocket, and girls were represented by white beans in another receptacle. When he thought he had got all, he counted the beans.

The Rev. Demetrius Dobrolie, rector of Pudley cum Pipes, engaged a German governess for his children. "You will have no objections to attend the service of the Church of England, young lady?" "O no," she replied; "I is be delighted. I love your church service very moche, and above all things the Litany, where you make me, nee prayer for poor governess!" "Whose prayer in the Litany do you refer to?" inquired the surprised incumbent. "Where, wherever is that?" "O sir," was the reply, "where you pray for de poor woman laboring wid child."

Some papers propose that the office of secretary of war be abolished.

One would hardly think the English version of notices to bathers at Boulogne, printed by the side of the original French, could be misunderstood:— "Bathers have no permission to give to the machines that drive them to the sea;" and "It is expressly forbidden to the surveillants to receive any gratification or contribution under the penalty of being sent away. The surveillants will attend from the sunrise until it is set."

In Jacksonville, Ill., a schoolteacher taught a little girl that the earth was round, that it revolved, and that it was smaller than the sun, whereupon he was severely lectured by the father of the pupil for teaching such nonsense, and the girl was taken from the school.

Professor Morlot, who for some years filled the chair of geology in the Academy of Lausanne, and died a few months since, left a curious will, one of the conditions of which was that his head should still be useful to science after his death, and he directed that it should be preserved in the Museum at Berne, with his name legibly engraved on the skull, so as to prevent the ever being mistaken for any other. This condition has been complied with, and the skull of the once active thinker, inscribed as directed, may now be seen in the anatomical department of the collection at Berne.

"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" said a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know if you took ten from seventeen how many would remain; so I took ten of his apples to show him." "Well, why don't you give them back to him?" "Cause, I'm 'fraid he'd forget how many he left."

In Pittsburg, Pa., last week, just after an old gentleman of seventy-six years had been married to a young woman of twenty-three, he was observed counting his fingers. The aldermen asked him if he was counting how much he intended paying for the job. The old fellow said no, but was counting how many times he had been married, and that this was only the sixth. He soon hit with his bride, promising to return in a few days and settle his bill.

Some one went into a pleading mill in an Ohio town the other day, and placed his hand upon a set of knives revolving so rapidly that they appeared to be at rest. He then put his hand in his pocket; but a workman seeing the action asked him if he was hurt, when our incautious friend discovered for the first time that he had lost several fingers.

The Emperor Napoleon has just been appointed by the Emperor of Austria to be colonel of an Austrian regiment. The Czar and the Sovereign of Prance are now the only two non-German princes who enjoy this distinction, which is purely honorary.

Much in Little.

A New York pedestrian has made his 500 miles in twenty-two hours.

England is well satisfied with our purchase of St. Thomas.

In Havana the cholera is rapidly decreasing, but hundreds have died with it.

Weston's walking shoes have been multiplied to an indefinite extent by counterfeiters.

Indiana papers report the hog crop as larger than was anticipated.

They had a deer hunt in the streets of Toledo the other day.

The North German Confederacy has got up a new postage stamp.

A Texas paper says sweet potatoes are so plenty as to be hardly worth harvesting.

Houston says the yellow fever is gone, and invites everybody to come there.

Boston Theatre has preaching Sunday evenings by the Unitarians.

Longfellow is stirring in the matter of educating children.

A Detroit man is to make himself very uncomfortable by walking three days without sleep for $2000.

Powers asks $2000 for his last copy of the Greek slave.

A Manchester snuffmaker hinself Sims Reeves because he would not respond to an encore.

Jack Darin got a musical cigar case at a Richmond fair. A playful attention.

The cost two dollars and a half to thresh an editor in Canada.

Richard White died in Norwich last Friday, aged 104. He went to bed early and smoked inveterately.

Doctor Shurtleff, an excellent man, has been elected mayor of Boston.

Victoria has subscribed $1000 to the fund for relieving the sufferers by the West India hurricane.

A Lowell boy made Hamlet's ghost sold at as high prices as Booker.

Prepayment of postage is to be made optional in Canada.

The Farnham colliery explosion made sixty-five widows and forty orphans.

Disaree is to have $30,000 salary, if he stays in office long enough to draw it.

A bear undertook a dismissal school in Richmond and attempted to breakfast on the schoolmistress.

A Lynn shoe dealer found Monday is now called a blue day it is so dull.

Everett's statue on the Common is laughed at and by some praised.

Our school committee is largely composed of reverend dentists, who do not pull teeth for a living.

The Paris Conservatory has bought the flute of Frederick the Great for its museum.

A Cincinnati milliner cheppeda burglar's head off the other day.

John Brown's son has been taken to an Ohio lunatic asylum, afflicted with the hereditary taint.

There are 12,580 public journals in the world, and America publishes five thousand of them.

Chinamen cannot testify in California courts, notwithstanding the Civil Rights bill.

The young man in Wisconsin who murdered his father and burned the body last April, is now on trial. He had and and are found in rich abundance near Tuscumbia, Alabama.

Violets were in bloom in Wisconsin two weeks ago.

Georgians and Alabamians are going West in large numbers.

An Ohio boy made himself an awful example by going after taps on Sunday and tumbling from a tree.

Ex-Governor republican senator will be held in Chicago, and Grant will be nominated as president.

One of the editors of the Dredger fight has been sent to the penitentiary for conviction as a vagabond.

Ninety-one newspaper men fought duels in Paris the past year.

The French government has just published a report on the London Exhibition of 1851.

Stewart's streetcar line was opened in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies.

The Archbishop of Cologne has got into trouble because he is a temperance man and his priests are not.

Hartford sent a cable despatch to St. Petersburg last Saturday and feels quite expansive over it.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. Amos H. West worth and Miss Isabel M. Turner.
By Rev. Mr. Croft, Mr. Henry L. Maney and Miss Susie M. Foster, both of Portsmouth, N. H.
By Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Charles H. Ladworth, Mr. Levi W. Field and Miss Sarah J. Bridge.
At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Dibberd, Mr. Benjamin A. Trimbal and Miss Louise B. Hayden.
At Watertown, by Rev. Mr. Wellman, Mr. Albert F. Ford, Stonybrook and Miss Ella M. Ford.
At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Hilton, Mr. Moses Tingey and Miss Addie S. Shedd.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Mary Rutland, 67; Mr. James Adams, 29; Mr. Ezra Bowers, 67; son of Eldridge E. and Miranda B. Fletcher, 17.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Ann A. Belcher, 42.
At Cambridgeport, Ralph C. Whitten, 68.
At Watertown, Mrs. Eleanor Learned, 86.
At Brookline, Mrs. Mary Pope, 81.
At Brighton, Mrs. Elizabeth Anna Fay.
At Dedham, Mr. Timothy Lee, 85.
At Walpole, Mrs. Martha Ann Boyden, 46.
At Weston, Bradley Metz, Mary Eliza Dearborn, 59.
At Hitchester, Mrs. Jane C. Cooper, 46.
At Foxboro', Mr. Peter A. Carpenter, 54.

The Housekeeper.

[Prepared for The Flag of Our Union.]

FARCE CRUTE—Cut in small pieces some underdone beef, put through a steepas with a piece of butter, a little salt, pepper and a little nutmeg; stake them over the fire for ten minutes, drain, and let them cool. Put an equal portion of crumbs of bread in the same steppan with some broth, and a little parsley chopped fine; stir in with a wooden spoon till it becomes quite soft. Let it get cold, then pound the fowl until it will pass through a tamis; pound the bread also, and put it through the same; then put equal parts of the meat, butter and bread together, and pound them with yolks of eggs until formed to make it into a proper consistence, and keep it in a jar for use.

FARCE OF HAM AND VEAL—Mince equal quantities of ham and veal, a bunch of parsley, and some pepper; put it on the fire with a little broth; let it very gently, then pound it in a mortar; add to it an equal portion of bread soaked in milk and squeezed; pound the whole together with some butter, and mix it with the yolks of eggs. Bacon and veal which have been used in braising, or anything highly seasoned will do for this farce, and also cold onions, and very rich, may be employed afterwards as a farce, pounded and mixed with pounds.

STUFFING.—Take equal quantities of beef suet and crumbs of bread; chop the suet very finely; chop the bread, crumbs, some fresh parsley, having as much parsley as there is thyme and marjoram together; add to them a handful of powdered lemon peel, pepper, salt, and a little grated nutmeg; add eggs sufficient to bind it together.

SEASONING FOR STUFFING.—One pound of salt dried and sifted, half an ounce of ground white pepper, two ounces of black pepper, half an ounce of dried marjoram, and one ounce of nutmeg. When this seasoning is used, parsley only is required to be added, which is sufficient to make the stuffing green. The proportions are—half a pound of breadcrumbs, three eggs, a quarter of a pound of suet, half an ounce of seasoning, and peel of half a lemon grated.

VOL-AU-VENT OF VEAL—Cut veal into thin pieces about an inch and a half square, beat them, and fry them a pale brown, make some forcemeat and egg-balls, fry the former, put the whole into a rich brown gravy, fill the vol-au-vent, and serve it up hot.

TURNER'S
FIG OR BOULOUKOUK
AND
Universal Neuralgia
PILL.

A SAFE, CERTAIN AND Speedy Cure for NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.

Its Effects are Magical.

IT IS AN ESTABLISHED ELEMENT in all cases of Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure in less than twenty-four hours. Also in the use of many other forms of Nervous Diseases it can always be used with PERFECT SAFETY.

It has long been in constant use by many of our most eminent physicians, who give it their unanimous and unqualified approval.

The following, among many of our best citizens, testify to its WONDERFUL EFFICACY:

"Having used Dr. Turner's Fig Bouloukouk or Universal Neuralgia Pill personally—and in numerous instances recommended it to patients suffering with neuralgia—I have found, it, WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION, to accomplish all the proprietors have claimed.

JOHN C. DALTON, M. D., 19 INGRAHAM, Dentist.

"If Winter street, Boston, Feb. 18, 1867."

"Mr. D. SNOW, for many years an apothecary in this city, and for three years, during the war, in the Hospital Depot send under the United States government, thus speaks of it:

"I have known Dr. Turner's The Bouloukouk or Universal Neuralgia Pill for nearly years. I have used it and used it personally, and I have never known of a case where it did not give relief. Customers have told me they would not be without it if each pill cost a dollar. I think it the most reliable and valuable remedy for Neuralgia and Nervous Diseases in the world."

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.

One package - $1.00 - Postage 6 cents.
Six packages - 5.00 - " 27 "
Twelve packages - 9.00 - " 48 "

It is said by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and by

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128 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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Our Young Folks' Department.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

SANTA CLAUS'S MESSENGERS.

BY LOUISE DUDLEY.

Elfins in green coats, and elfins in brown,
Bustered with ice-spears, bewildered with snow,
Elfins in white coats, and elfins in red,
And belly-sweeping as each as he can.

Furries in jackets, and fairies in gowns,
In cups of a spoil white mouse's skin,
Daintily bustled with leaflets,
That jingled and danced with every grin.

Grim-faced goblins from dusky caves,
Sprites in their dresses of spider's lace,
And queer little brownies that drudge and spin
That the fays be clothed with fitting grace.

Over the Christmas meadows they came,
Where the wind and hills were moaning so,
Such with a glamorous wand that shed
Its silvery splendor over the snow.

The stars made circles of mingle light
In every dimple and every floss,
And the great moon spilled its hood of gold
Over the meadow, and hill, and vale.

But on they danced till they reached our door
Bringing their music so clear and thin;
One lapped thereon with his fairy wand,
And the latch flew up and let them in.

The children were long since caught by sleep,
And pictured within by visions fair,
But I was a peep for Santa Claus,
For the hare tree waited for Christmas morn.

When patter, patter the sleet beat rang,
Like shower of raindrops over the walk;
The bells they carried piped into a waltz,
Mingled with chimes of fairy talk.

And merrily dancing up to the tree,
They circled it once, and twice, and thrice;
The small black crickets sat on the hearth,
And peeped from their holes the shy brown mice:

Then each with its light wand touched a twig,
And each touch left there a gift most rare!
And the green tree changed to gold and red,
And glittered and gleamed in the firelight air.

Every branch drooped with its dainty load,—
Flowers with petals of sugar-frost,
Gentle puzzles, and pictures comical,
Soldiers a-fighting, with sharp swords crossed!

Wonderful dollies, with golden hair,
Fair as the fairies, in gowns of lace,
Tiny toy-sabres, that swung by a thread,
And a merry, merry mail horse on a case!

Tiny toy-kitchens, where housewives dress
And brownies might make of a Saturday;
A castle fit for a fairy king,
Drums, and trumpets, and banners gay;

And a hundred knickknacks quaint and droll,
And Christmas pastimes that planned to delight,
Then away they tittled, and left me there,
Bewildered and dazed, in the firelight.

But lonely, sitting upon my knee,
When I told her the wonderful tale at noon,
How up-hill, and lowvale, and down strong,
Had come in the dead of the night and gone.

Instead of the good old Santa Claus,
Who had come on so many Christmas eves
Over the roof with his loads of gifts,
His sleigh so noiseless as blowing leaves,

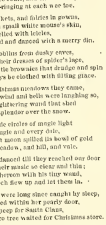
Solved the troublesome mystery
With looks of wisdom both grave and deep:
"Poor Santa Claus is too old," she said,
"To be deprived o' minds of his sleep!

"Or, maybe he 's sick with a cold at home,
And cannot go out in the chilly snow;
But 'tis he that has sent us these pretty things
By the good little elfins' hands, I know."

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY ELIZABETH HOGLOW.



EARLY along through the forest, searching under the light, now-fallen snow for logets, Karl and Lina walked. It was a bitter cold night, and a sharp wind was shrieking through the trees, and blew through Lina's little tattered shawl and Karl's thin jacket and chilled their very blood. But they thought of their mother and little Bertholf sitting over the empty hearth at home, and worked on bravely, pulling the logets out from under the snow with

their little, numb, blue fingers.

All at once from the old cathedral tower in the distant town a merry chime of bells rang out, and, still further off, from the village at the foot of the mountain, another chime answered it, coming clearly on the frosty air to the ears of the little fellows. Two or three great toadcraps came into Karl's blue eyes when he heard them, and he sat down despairingly on the little pile of logets he had collected.

"It's Christmas eve for everybody but us, Lina," he said. "We can't even get logets enough to keep us warm to-night. I can't pick up another one, my hands are so cold."

"Well, we'll go home in a moment," answered Lina, trying to speak cheerfully. "I think we have got all the logets that are here. And, just think, what a nice fire we'll have, for a little while, at least. Mother and Berthold will be so glad!" Andshe threw her logets down on the ground beside Karl, and began to blast them together into a bundle.

But just then there came a sound of sobbing, falling steps through the snow, and looking up, the children saw a little old man standing before them. He was scarcely as tall as Karl, and so thin, and withered, and old! His cheeks were pinched and blue with the cold, and his teeth chattered, and he shook as if with ague.

"O, it is cold—so cold!" he muttered, through his trembling, blue lips. "And I have had no fire to warm me for days and days. Wont you give me a fier of your logets to keep me from freezing to death?"

Lina hesitated a moment and thought of the empty hearth at home; but the next moment she divided the bundle of logets into two parts, and gave one of t um to the old man.

"He is poor and colder than we," she said to Karl, seeing the longing with which the poor little boy looked at the sparkling.

"Thank you, thank you kindly," said the old man, snatching them eagerly from Lina's hand. "And I'll give you in return a little piece of news. A friend is coming through the forest. It'll be pretty for a Christmas tree."

"Thank you; but we shan't have anything to put on it. Santa Claus never comes to us," answered Lina, sadly.

But the old man had hobbled off with the logets, leaving the tree in her hand. Lina overpowered with its branches and bent away with snow, as if it had just been cut down.

"I am sure going to carry it home, are you, Lina?" asked Karl. "It is so heavy, and of what use will it be?"

"I don't know," answered Lina, doubtfully. "But I don't like to leave it, it is such a pretty tree. We can carry it home as far as mid-way, because there is all loade I with pretty gifts, and it will be almost as nice as if it were. And see, we still have logets enough to make a fire when we get home."

But poor little Karl was of a more practical turn of mind than Lina. He preferred logets to Christmas trees in imaginary ones. But he wiped away his tears, and helped Lina carry the tree home.

The little room was dark and cold and cheerless. Their mother and little Berthold were indeed abreeding over the hearth, where only a few ashes were left. Especially little Berthold made an exclamation of joy when he saw the logets, and the little mother looked disappointed.

"How few logets you got, Lina," she said. "I am afraid we shall suffer from cold again before morning."

"We got ever so many more than that," said Karl, eagerly, "but Lina gave half of them to a poor old man."

"He was so poor and old, mother," said Lina, "and he was shivering with cold, and he had no fire to warm him for days and days, he said. I couldn't help giving them to him."

"You were quite right, dear," said her mother, kissing her, "for we have at least a shelter, and perhaps the poor old man has not."

Then they kindled a fire with the logets, and never it seemed had so few logets made so bright a fire! They all gathered about it and spread out their benumbed hands; and little Berthold shouted with delight as the ruddy light danced and leaped on his face, and made changing, fantastic shapes on the wall.

The delightful warmth penetrated into every nook and corner of the little room, and with the cheerful light made it seem, as Lina said, quite cosy, really like Christmas eve. And that made Lina think of the Christmas tree that the old man had given her, and she brought it in and set it up in the middle of the room; and the firelight danced over it and made its green branches glisten so that even Karl found it easy to imagine it all soaked with glittering logets and loaded with beautiful presents from Santa Claus.

But alas! the light began to grow dimmer and dimmer; the logets were almost burned out and there were no more to put on. The bitter, chilling cold began to creep in around them, and Lina's heart grew sick with dread. How were they to live through the long night, with no fire and only their thin clothes to cover them?

Little Berthold curled himself into a heap down at the hearth as the coals got out next to sleep; and very soon Karl followed suit. But Lina lelked her little ragged shawl about her, and sat with her face turned on the fading embers, where bright hues were changing to gray and black, picturing to herself the many happy hours where Christmas eve was being merrily kept; the cheerful, blazing fires, that never were allowed to go out for lack of fuel; the happy, rosy-faced children who never knew hunger or cold, the Christmas joy that shone in every face, and the gay gifts that Santa Claus, the kind patron saint of the children, would bring.

But if Santa Claus was so very kind as people said, why did he never remember poor children? Lina wondered. Why was it to rich children—to those who had plenty before, that he carried his gifts?

But Lina had a patient, hopeful little heart, and her thoughts brooded long over her own troubles; and while she was thinking, too, the Christmas bells rang out again, and in so glad a strain that they made her forget the cold and the darkness, and she began to lean softly to herself a Christmas anthem that she had heard in the cathedral. When, all at once, she heard the strangest noise up in the chimney! A pushing, squeezing noise, and then a sound as of some one breathing heavily, and the next moment down the chimney there came, right before Lina's astonished eyes, a most astonished little figure! A little old man!—not thin, and withered, and dried-up, like the one to whom Lina had given the logets, but the fattest and jolliest-looking little old fellow that you can possibly imagine; and yet, though that might have been any Lina's fancy, he looked strangely like that little old man in the forest.

He had on a little, gay, scarlet coat, buttoned snugly over his little fruity stomach, and a pair of little scarlet breeches with knee-buckles, and stockings that looked as if they had been very nice and white once, but now, all over his plump little calves, they were stained with soot from the chimney. He had a little scarlet cap, not unlike a dunce's-cap, on his head, and a little lantern in his hand.

Lina thought at once that he must be Santa Claus, and she did not quite feel perfectly still, while he glanced cautiously around the group to see if they were all sleeping. Then he went up to the Christmas tree and began to draw from his pockets such quantities and quantities of beautiful presents! more than even Lina's little fancy had dreamed of, and such a pile of candy! Then the pockets of such a little man's coat could possibly contain.

Then he drew delightful toys, from the most beautiful doll imaginable, dressed as a court lady, in satin and brocade, with high-heeled slippers, and a dainty fan in her hand, who bore herself in the stately fashion befitting her rank, from a grotesque little clown in a striped jacket, who was capable of performing the most fascinating feats by means of a wire attached to his person. Then there were gay little boxes of sweet-meats, and the most tempting looking little parcels and larger bundles which the little fat man didn't open, but laid down on the floor at the tree.

When the things were all arranged in a very tempting manner, and with no direct eye or many little candles from his pocket, fastened them on the ends of the branches, and then lighted them with his lantern.

Such a flash of light as they made all over the little dingy room! Even Lina stood a little way off and looked at her work, while his little round, rosy face grew roun ler and ruder with satisfaction. Then he looked about him once more through the room, as if what her eyes in an instant, but she couldn't help her eyelids quivering a little, and the little man must have seen it, for he laughed at the lantern in a trice, and scrambled up the chimney again as fast as ever he could, jumping and pushing all the way. It was really a very tight squeeze for such a remarkably plump little body. When he had gone, Lina rubbed her eyes and puffed herself to see if she was really awake; and when she found that she was, and there was the Christmas tree loaded with pretty gifts, and sparkling with tapers, she uttered a cry of joy that awoke her mother, and Karl, and Berthold, and they all started up in their fear and rubbed their eyes, and pinched themselves in turn, to be sure that they were not dreaming.

But when they were all fairly persuaded that they were awake, and Lina had told them about the little old man who had come down the chimney, the children were all eager for the tree; but their mother opened the bundles at the foot of the tree, and there were also many bundles for all of them. And while they were looking at and rejoicing over them, and all soon forgetting their fear of delight, Karl had put his hand into the pocket of the little court lady's dress, being of an investigating turn of mind, and see what she could be drew out? A beautiful little purse, all filled with gold pieces! And on a slip of paper attached to it were written—in such a funny, crooked hand as you would expect a fairy, round non like Santa Claus to write—" For the kind little girl who gave half of her logets to the poor old man in the forest."

Lina cried out with surprise.

"How is the world could Santa Claus know this?" she said. "How strange it is! And now I remember that Santa Claus looked a little like the old man in the forest, though that old man was so thin and pale, and Santa Claus so fat and rosy-cheeked. Perhaps he is some relation to him."

But the children's mother said, "Perhaps it was the good Santa Claus himself, who took that form in order to see if man to try you, and see whether you were good children or not."

But however it was, they were all glad and happy, and very thankful to kind old Santa Claus. The merry music in Lina's purse kept away from her the little cottage; but they never forgot to be kind to the poor and destitute. And every Christmas night, when the midnight bells ring from the old cathedral tower, Lina watches beside the hearth, hoping to see good old Santa Claus's little fat legs come dangling down the chimney again.

We have known a good old man, who, when he heard of any one that had committed some notorious offence, was wont to say within himself, "He fell to-day, so I may to-morrow."

Rumors of the Day.

THAT DAM ROARING.

A young buck went to see the daughter of a Presbyterian elder lately, whose home was near a mill dam. It being the spring of the year, the waters made considerable of a roar as they rushed over the dam. The modest young gentleman tapped lightly at the door at first, received no answer. Again and again he repeated his knock, but still he was unheard. Mustering up courage, he proceeded to inflict some severe thumps on the door, which brought the staid old gentleman out.

"I suppose," said the youngster, who had by this time become slightly savage, from being compelled to wait so long; "I suppose you could not hear my knocking for the dam roaring."

"Dam. The roaring! What do you mean, sir? How dare you speak in that way?" said the divine, somewhat angered by hearing the young man swear in his presence.

"I mean to say that I suppose you could not hear my knocking on account of the dam roaring."

"Dam roaring again! You young scoundrel! have you the impudence to insult me with a repetition of those words? Begone, sir!"

"My dear sir," quoth the now bewildered youth, "I intended to say that I presumed I could not be heard on account of the dam roaring," laying particular emphasis on the last two words.

"I insult no one, sir!" roared the infuriated old man, and rushed at the poor lad.er with the evident intention of thrashing him; but his daughter exclaimed:

"Papa, I suppose the young man intended to say that he could not be heard on account of the roaring of the dam."

"O, I beg your pardon, sir—I beg your pardon! Walk in, walk in, walk—walk—walk, I declare! Too dam roaring! Capital! Come in. That is too rich!"

It is needless to add that the youngster went in, and, in the excellent society of the young lady, soon forgot the "dam roaring."

WILLING TO LEARN.

Once upon a time an unsophisticated, innocent young woman, one of a large family of children in indigent circumstances, received to make an effort for personal independence by undertaking some honorable vocation. With this view, she carefully scanned the newspapers, and decided to respond to an advertisement for a wet nurse. On going to the advertising office she was ushered into the presence of a physician, who had been strictly enjoined to inquire into the physical condition of applicants for the office, in order to secure one of unqualified excellence. The following scene ensued:

Physician (abruptly)—"I have come to get the situation; if it isn't too late."

Young woman (timidly)—"I have come to get the situation, if it isn't too late."

Physician—"Are you healthy?"

Young woman (blushingly)—"I haven't any baby, sir."

Physician (energetically)—"Why, are you not nursing?"

Young woman (timidly)—"No sir, not yet."

Physician (comprehending the situation)—"Well, my dear young woman, I don't think you will do for a wet nurse."

Young woman—"Perhaps not at first, sir; but I am perfectly willing to learn."

THE DIVERSITY OF THE RACES.

All negroes are born in Tunis; all sinners in Scinde.

All cross men in Surrey; all cowards in Turkey men.

All conjurers in Victoria; all tall men in Shetland.

All slumbers in Trip di; all curlers men in Pekin

All sailors slumbers in Scotia; all soldiers in Armenia or Warsaw.

All quarrelsome men are the Malay (noble) peoplesaid, and he was the first who the Crosby Opera House in Lucknow.

All wits in Punjab; all boasters in Croatia.

All performers in Muscat or Cologne; all brewers in Malta.

All glutons in Turkey; all beggars in Hungary.

All laconic men in Laconia; all mourners in Siberia or Wales.

All conjurers in Candia; all children in the Crimea.

All all speculators in Greece; all gamblers in the Faroe Isles.

All babies in Paraguaia, Brest or Lapland; all gold diggers in the Gold Isles.

All good men in Archangel; all angry men in Holland.

All murderers in Kildare; all cross men in Somerset.

All bankers in Stockholm; all cold men in Chili.

All geometricians in Cuba; all idols in Folly Island.

All horticulturists in Botany Bay; all wags in the Bay of Fundy.

All bachelors and old maids anywhere out of the United States; and all other men in the Isle of Man.

All tailors in Toulon or Toulouse; all country cousins in Greenland.